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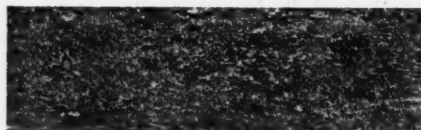
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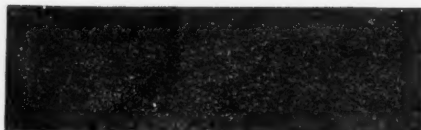
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N. S. KAY.

LADY LEIGH, C.B.E.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

Lord Selborne and the Owner-Occupier

DURING some of the most difficult years of the war Lord Selborne was a popular and highly efficient Minister of Agriculture. He won golden opinions from all connected with the land in those days, and what he has to say to-day about the agricultural situation will be heard with the respect which he earned and retained. His paper on the new farming landlord hinges on his belief that the future of agriculture will belong to the owner-occupier.

The argument starts with an account of the un-businesslike partnership that existed between the owner of land and the cultivator. The system of tenant farming used to be a leading characteristic of English agriculture. The farmer had rather the better of the bargain because in good times he was able to receive a fair commercial return for the capital invested, and in bad times equally able to beat a retreat, especially after annual tenancies had succeeded the old system of leases. The landowner, on the other hand, has received an interest for his capital which Lord Selborne describes as "wholly uncommercial." At bad times the land has been thrown on his hands without his having the capital or experience to deal with it, and in good times he has been very chary

of raising the rent. At this point Lord Selborne makes a little excursion into the views held by some extremists. He says, "the cultivated land of England is not, as Socialists are fond of saying, the free gift of God any more than the coat that the Socialist wears is the free gift of God." It has been manufactured by physical strength directed by brains. To-day any amount of land can be had in the centre of Africa because it is in its natural state; that is to say, unreclaimed. The same process has been going on in England since the time of the Roman occupation. The land was down or heathland, forest, thicket, swamp or bog, so that the buyer to-day does not acquire land in a natural state, but the product of reclamation and industrial equipment. Anyone doubting the truth of this statement is recommended to make a visit to Rothamsted Experimental Station. There he will find a portion of land that sixty years ago was a wheatfield, but since then has been allowed to relapse into a state of nature. It has reverted to the natural state of England and grows brambles, briars, underwood and young forest trees. Dr. Russell has informed Lord Selborne that it would take more than the capital value of the land to bring it back into a state of fertility.

Lord Selborne asks the very pertinent question why men were willing to put their money into land and reclaim it. The answer is that there used to be many privileges greatly sought after in the ownership of land. It meant, among other things, social status and real political power. He does not take sport into account, because land can be hired for that purpose. But great social changes have been made. The possession of land nowadays carries no political power with it. Other means of acquiring social status have come into operation, and the crushing weight of war taxation has administered a final blow to land ownership. "Landowners who were not farming their own land have found that by selling that land they can double their income, partly by the increased yield of their new investment and partly because they become released from those charges and outgoings which make the net return from the rent of agricultural land so much less to the owner than the gross return. This is the simple explanation of the reason why there have been such great sales in the last few years." If Lord Selborne is right in his diagnosis, we may trust that he is equally correct in his advice about what should be done. He has very great faith in the owner-occupier, and whether the latter be working on a large scale or a small scale he should educate his son or one of his sons to follow in his footsteps with greater knowledge of scientific resources than his father possessed. Probably, this young man of a new generation will recognise the right of the labourer to high wages, but he will also "as firmly as courteously exact a full, honest day's labour for those wages." If he does not do that, then failure will be the end. In the case of a man not brought up to farming, owning, say, a thousand acres, it will be necessary to hire a farm bailiff. But the time has long gone past when the cultivation of a thousand acres could be trusted to a man who is worth no more than, say, £100 to £150 a year and a house. He will be the highly educated product of an agricultural college and in a position to demand a salary commensurate with his ability. We must not omit to mention Lord Selborne's conviction that "the real way to reward him and to get the best out of him is to give him a good percentage on the profits as proved by properly and independently audited annual accounts."

Our Frontispiece

A NEW portrait of Lady Leigh, C.B.E., is the front full-page illustration in this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. A daughter of Mr. John H. New of Melbourne, she was married to Sir John Leigh, Bt., in 1908, and has a daughter and three sons, the youngest of whom was born in February.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

NO good can come from ignoring the terrible slump in business as disclosed by the trade returns for February. They are realised best by the quantities, as the fall in values renders comparison very difficult. In 1913 we exported in February 5,523,000 tons of coal. This had shrunk by half in 1920, and in 1921 it went down to 1,871,000. In the exportation of other goods the character of the movement was the same. We exported 1,118,000 tons in February of 1913, and in February, 1921, only 575,000. These figures must be read with imagination. They mean that millions of hands which found plenty of work before the war are deprived of it now. They mean also that the wealth which was being produced freely eight years ago is now dwindling. The same kind of movement took place after the Franco-German War in 1870, but on a smaller scale. The gigantic character of the world war is producing an equally gigantic depression. It should be a warning to the country to be sterner and ever more stern in the enforcement of economy, public and private. It should also stir the citizens of this country to exert themselves in every possible way to make the most of such facilities for industry as are left to them. Unless these signs of world exhaustion are taken seriously there will be bankruptcy among nations, as there must follow bankruptcy among individuals unless things take a better turn. At present it is impossible for them to do so because raw material has been imported on such a small scale that there is no material on which to build a great revival for some time to come.

DR. SIMONS in his speech to the Reichstag at the end of the week showed that the Germans are thinking hard in order to find a way out of the present difficulty. He exhorted his hearers to do all they could to find a middle path which would make it possible to offer more acceptable counter-proposals. He made the very interesting admission that "the world's opinion is too unfavourable to us." That came after a declaration that nothing was to be hoped for from a rupture of relations. Evidently Dr. Simons, whatever hope he may place in the verdict of the future, feels that there is very little difference of view in the present about the part Germany has played. We can hardly believe that the Germans will be content to let the Allied forces remain at the three towns on the Rhine. They are quite alive to the fact that in the first place it is a very costly business. All that is collected at the Customs will scarcely pay what we may call the hotel bill. Nor can Germany like to see her towns in possession of foreign soldiers. If, however, they pursue this line of thought, they are bound to come to the conclusion that the only way is to carry out the provisions as they were drawn up by the Allies. Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand have already signified that they would listen sympathetically to any proposal that made the payments more convenient to Germany, provided always that it would not be to the loss of the Allies to do so. If it is necessary to hold a second Conference, there is

something in the suggestion that instead of being held in St. James's Palace it should take place amid the ruins of Ypres. The stage is already prepared.

TWO very great dangers to fruit farming in this country are dealt with in the new number of the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture. One is that mysterious disease, Reversion, to which black currants have become subject. Mr. Lees, the plant pathologist of the research station at Bristol, gives some information to enable the fruit grower to detect the presence of the disease at an early stage. Signs of it are to be looked for in the venation and margin of the leaves. In a series of figures with which he illustrates his point the first sign to be found is a roughening of the margin and a contraction of the venation so that a considerable portion of the leaf shows no veins at all. This goes on and on till the full venation of the healthy plant, as indicated by some half-dozen lines branching or clear, is replaced on the half leaf by two veins on the upper part and none below whatever. Growers are recommended to strip the healthy plant for cuttings and to destroy those which show unmistakable signs of Reversion. That is a great point attained in battling with the disease, but more remains to be found out. We still want to know the fundamental cause of the disease, as that alone can lead to its cure.

THE TOWN-DWELLER.

From the taint of Town I'd fly
On thy feathers, Fantasy,
Far from urban sound or sight
Thither, where the fragrant night
Broods upon some secret spot
Which the city sullies not;
Where the scented woodland vale
Throbs with note of nightingale;
Where the moonbeams fall aslant
On the barn-owl, vigilant
When so be that dazzling day
Fadeth into twilight grey,
And the marish shallows are
Wan beneath the evening star;
Where, should drowsy bee forget
Hazard of the honeyed net,
The eryngo she despoils
Meshes her in sapphire toils;
Where, 'mid grasses stirred i' the breeze,
Purple-chequer'd fritillaries
Quiver, and the waters' bed
Serried is with arrowhead.
By the magic of the place,
With its balm to soothe my face,
By the crooning of the stream
Lulled, while darkness dures I'd dream,
Thyme-bank pillowing mine head,
Till the enchanted night have fled;
Then, refreshed, to morn I'll fain
Take life's burden up again.

AYMER VALLANCE.

THE other matter to which we have referred is the article by Dr. Walter Collinge on the starling. As is well known, there is not among scientific ornithologists any more tender-hearted friend of birds than Dr. Collinge. If ever a little pilferer needs a lawyer to defend him Dr. Collinge is ready at hand. But he cannot say any good word for the starling. This bird has multiplied so enormously that he threatens the whole fruit crop of the country. Some of the words quoted against him may be heard in every part of the country. "Only one bird is dangerous to my crops and that is the starling," says one grower, and another grower writes "during recent years this bird has increased to such an alarming extent as to be a plague." Dr. Collinge calculates that in 1917 there were 100,000 pairs of starlings breeding in Great Britain (and this is considerably under the actual figure) and that if each pair reared three pairs of young, the progeny and parents in a single year would total 800,000. At the end of 1918 this number would have increased to 3,200,000, while at the end of 1920 there would be over 51,000,000. That extraordinary multiplication does not take place because

fruit growers, farmers and others have to take measures to defend themselves from the depredations of the starling. But it does increase enormously, and at the same time is compelled by the growth of numbers to extend its dietary so that very little which is grown is safe from it. Dr. Collinge recommends that strict measures should be taken against it for some years to come. Eggs should be destroyed, buildings should be made starling proof and immigrants reduced in the autumn, which might be done in co-operation with the lands from which they come.

A DISTRICT auditor has been making certain comments on the disbursements of County Council officials that will give the ratepayer matter for reflection. Among other things he disallows payment of £2,745 spent in organising Shakespearean plays for children in schooltime. The auditor says that, as in his opinion the Education Committee had no statutory power to incur this expenditure, he has disallowed it. War allowances to the London County Council staff were overpaid to the extent of £6,158, and the estimated total loss about £4,630. Another item was that of £66 for a sketch of Stirling Castle. This was done with the view of encouraging the art of producing lithographs such as we used to get from Germany; but why the artist should be sent all the way to Stirling at a cost of £26 for his expenses and £40 for his fee is a question more easily asked than answered.

PROFESSOR HENRI LEON produced some extremely interesting facts, but he did not offer any explanation of the malady in the lecture he delivered at Caxton Hall on Saturday. That two sections of the people, Jews and Quakers, should suffer more than other races from colour-blindness is a difficult fact to understand. The explanation offered by the lecturer that Quakers lost their sense of colour from preferring a monotonous grey for their dresses scarcely carries us far enough. Jews never have been noted for encouraging monotony in their raiment. Again, that more men than women should be colour-blind was not made very intelligible, though the lecturer suggested that women escaped because their eyes had been trained to colour for generations. It would be interesting to know what part heredity plays. Suppose a family, as some families are, were addicted to smoking or alcoholism in a pronounced degree, they, according to the lecturer, would be liable to suffer from colour-blindness as a consequence: would they hand down this weakness to their successors? We cannot answer because, as Professor Léon frankly admitted, the origin of colour-blindness is completely unknown to scientists.

THE dramatisation of a novel by a hand other than that of the author is, at best, an unsatisfactory process. The chances are very much against the dramatist realising fully and clearly the little world created by the novelist whose gift must be intrinsically epic. But the friends of "R. L. S." have dared to go much further than this. "Weir of Hermiston" was left as a fragment. There was just sufficient to show that Stevenson after a lifetime of unhalting, unwearied effort had at last obtained a mastery over his material and his style. There is nothing in all his preceding works comparable, in our opinion, with the opening of that story. What his genius would have made of it no one can say; but those who knew him will not readily believe that he could have conceived anything so sensational as the end of the drama played in Edinburgh on Saturday last. It was un-Stevensonian in spirit. That is not, however, to assert that it will not make an acting play. It might conceivably attain a great popularity, but that popularity would not be among the band of admirers who read their Stevenson regularly.

THERE is no end to the mysteries connected with Stonehenge. A writer in *Nature* touches upon one when he says that the "blue stones" have been identified with the formation in the Prescelly Mountains in Pembrokeshire. Supposing they came from Pembrokeshire, the first question one would like to ask is "when did they come?" It could scarcely be that they were brought for the Stonehenge we

know as it is now. On the site there was an older circle enclosed by a bank and a ditch and it is, to say the least, very likely that the stones that are there now had been brought to build this first Stonehenge. Conjecture has very little to go upon in fixing the date of the earlier circle. Supposing it were four thousand years ago, then the mystery becomes stranger than ever how, in that dim period in the childhood of the world, means were found of carrying these gigantic blocks of stone from the Welsh mountains to the Wiltshire heath. Can it be that a civilisation existed there of which now no trace remains?

THE war taught us to think of Generals as a class, as being younger and slimmer than we had imagined; but, even so, we hardly expect a Major-General to be a champion at any game faster than golf. Major-General Sheppard has, however, won the Army Racquets Championship. What is more, he only allowed his last victim, a Major, to get four points in three games. So far from being tired out by this triumph, he was soon in the court again playing in a hard double against two professionals. General Sheppard is, we believe, over fifty, and his was a really wonderful achievement, for a man must be very fit to play racquets. The ordinary person verging on middle age, but yet a good deal younger than this gallant General, can test the truth of this statement merely by playing a game or two of squash.

REVOLUTION.

There was a myriad sound of running feet
And through the shouts of those who called for bread,
A sudden voice cried: "Tyranny is dead—"
A cold grey ghost, proud Freedom's counterfeit,
Walked with the scarlet standards, the drums beat,
And prisoners grown old, with eyelids red
From hopeless watching, and the sentry's tread
Still in their ears, swept blindly through the street.

Wonderful words whose utterance was a song
Fled winged from mouth to mouth—the land was free!
And then a dark voice cried: "The land is sold—
Out of the million-headed anarchy—
The Demon of the Mob, unloosed and strong—
Shall a new Tyrant rise, red like the old."

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

TO-DAY the England and Scotland Rugby fifteens meet at Inverleith, and, even if both of them had been soundly beaten by the other countries, this would still remain, from the point of view of general excitement and downright bloodthirsty partisanship on either side, the great match of the year. As a matter of fact, England has an exceptionally fine side that has not yet been beaten, a great player and a match-winning captain in Davies, and they ought to win comfortably. That is the very reason why a win for Scotland would not greatly surprise anybody. The man who should have the courage to back the non-favourite in all sorts of Oxford and Cambridge contests would probably by this time have retired on a handsome competence. The same unexpected things happen in this battle between Englishmen and Scotsmen, and eight fierce, rushing Scottish forwards, inspired by their frenzied compatriots, might upset any favourites.

IT is a sign of the times that an egg-laying competition has just been held for runner ducks. It brought to the front a variety, the Khaki Campbells, that will be new to the vast majority of poultry keepers. It must be good if it can beat the Indian Runner ducks. These ducks have many points in their favour as egg layers at an establishment where they have plenty of room. We are not thinking at the moment so much of ordinary commercial poultry keeping as the family which, in regard to eggs, likes to be self-supporting. Chickens do not lay so well as runner ducks and they have this disadvantage, that they scrape and destroy everything in a garden that they can reach, and at the end they do not consume the worst enemies of the gardener, that is to say, snails and slugs. The runner ducks, on the contrary, find palatable food in these pests and they are in other respects grand foragers.

THE THREE OCCUPIED TOWNS

WITHOUT doubt the Allies, in deciding to occupy the towns of Düsseldorf,

Duisburg and Ruhrort, have flung a strong hand over the most vital part of Germany. They are on the Rhine, in some respects the most remarkable river in Europe. After rising in the Alps it forges its way down a long rocky valley, deepening and widening as it goes. It eventually forms a waterway of great volume and depth, well able to carry the industrial vessels met so continuously on it. Its barges, each a thousand tons, are known all over the world. Nowhere on its course does it pass a population that thrives and multiplies so quickly as that of the towns mentioned. The district itself sprang into industrial importance after the Franco-German War of 1870. The growth of population was equal to that of some of our own mushroom towns. The population of Duisburg increased from 15,000 in 1860 to 105,850 in 1905; that is, it became more than seven times as large as it had been. During the same period Ruhrort grew from 7,000 to 37,000; in other words, it was multiplied by five. The joint towns of Duisburg, Ruhrort and Meiderich have now a population of 216,000. The great feature about them is the huge river harbour, the largest of its kind in the world. Its commerce deals with coal and coke as exports from the Ruhr coalfield. These amount to over 13,000,000 tons annually. Imported are iron ore from Sweden, foodstuffs from North and South America and in former days from Russia, timber from Russia, Sweden and America. Thus the Allied army in taking possession of this combination of towns puts its finger with deadly certainty on one of the most vital spots in Germany. Düsseldorf is world famous. It combines art and industry to a very unusual extent. Here Herr Stinnes has the organisation with which he hoped to overrule the rest of Europe. First in importance among its products are those of the iron industries, such as foundries, furnaces, engineering and machine shops. It has also a considerable textile interest, the textile chiefly dealt with being cotton, its spinning and weaving, dyeing and so forth. In addition its beautiful situation has caused it to be chosen largely for residential purposes. We can imagine it at the present moment swarming with



THE ACADEMY OF ARTS, DUSSELDORF.



THE FAMOUS RHINE BRIDGE.



THE OLD TOWN HALL, SHOWING THE STATUE OF KURFÜRST JOHANN WILHELM

the German profiteers who reaped out of the war as much as a similar class in any other belligerent country. There are literary associations of the first importance connected not only with Düsseldorf, but with the Rhine Valley. Threatened by the French, it was on the banks of the famous river that the spirit of German unity was born. In the words of Becker

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien Deutschen Rhein

which provoked the retort from de Musset

Nous avons eu votre Rhin Allemand.

One wonders what they will say to the proud boast that they shall not have a free German Rhine to-day. It was about 1854 when the "Wacht am Rhein" was set to music and became the national anthem and battle song of Germany. Düsseldorf's

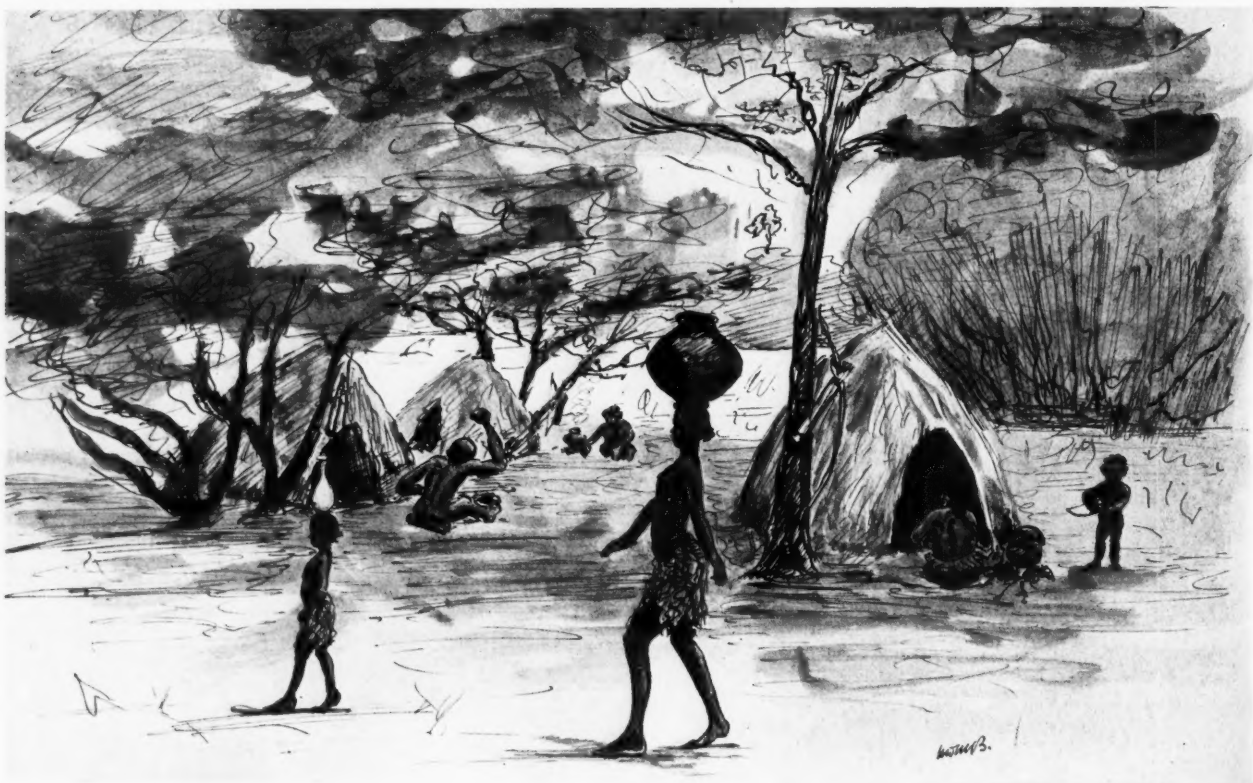
literary associations are mostly connected with the poet Heine. He was born there. Heine described it as "a town where not only the French, but also the genius of the French, ruled during my childhood," and he remembered seeing there the hero of his young dreams, Napoleon. He was riding a "little white horse that paced so calmly, so proudly, so securely." Our illustrations give some idea of the importance of the public buildings. The Academy of Arts was erected in 1881 and enlarged in 1902. It contains, among other things, a very fine collection of modern German art. The famous bridge across the Rhine was built in 1896-98 from the designs of Professor Krohn, with gateways designed by Professor Schill and a central pier. It will be seen that the public buildings and general characteristics of the towns correspond with those of our own provincial centres when they are situated in an industrial district.

INCIDENTS FROM AN ELEPHANT HUNTER'S DIARY

BY W. D. M. BELL.

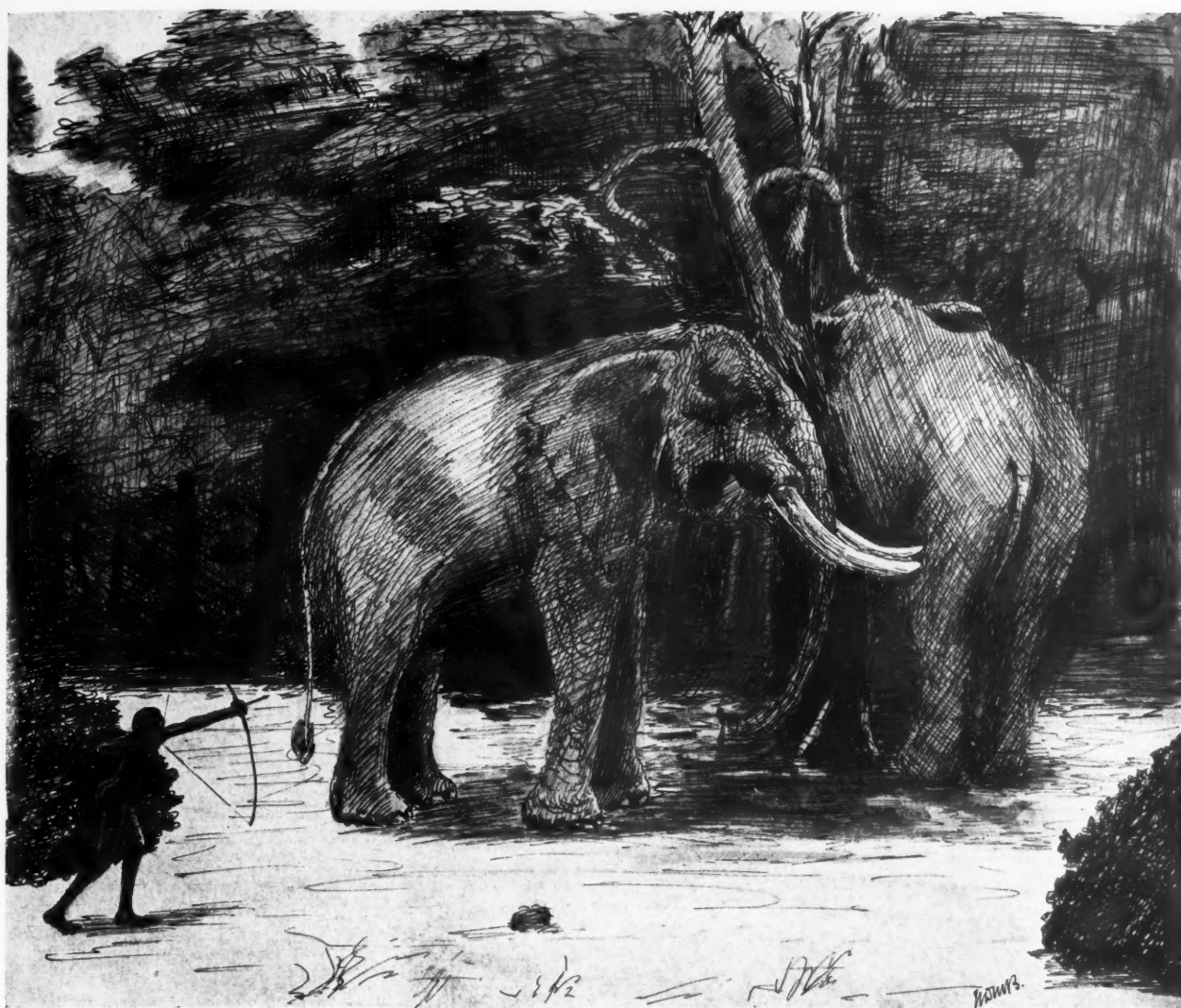
SOME few years ago I was hunting in the Wa Boni country in British East Africa. The Wa Boni form an offshoot of the Sanya tribe and are purely hunters, having no fixed abode and never undertaking cultivation of any kind. They will not even own stock of any sort, holding that such ownership leads to trouble in the form of—in the old days—raids, and now taxation. Living entirely on the products of the chase, honey, bush fruits and vegetables, they are perhaps the most independent people in the world. They are under no necessity to combine for purposes of defence, having nothing to defend. Owning no plantations, they are independent of droughts. The limitless bush provides everything they want. Skins for wearing apparel, meat for eating, fibres of great strength for making string and ropes for snares, sinew for bowstrings, strong and tough wood for bows, clay for pottery, grass for shelter, water-tubers for drinking when water is scarce, fruit foods of all sorts; and all these for the gathering. No wonder they are reluctant to give up their roving life. I was living in one of the M'Boni villages, if village it could be called. It consisted of, perhaps, twenty grass shelters dotted here and there under the trees. It was the season when

honey is plentiful, and there was a great deal of drinking of honey mead going on. This is simply made by mixing honey with water and supplying a ferment to it. There are several ferments in the bush, but on this particular occasion the seeds of the wild tree-calabash were being used. On the third day after brewing the mead is very intoxicating. A native will drink great quantities before getting really drunk, but when he does reach that stage he appears to remain so for many hours. I was once among a very wild and treacherous tribe where drunkenness was very prevalent. A nude gentleman about 6ft. 5ins. in height strolled into camp one day accompanied by his daughter. In his hand he carried two beautifully polished thrusting spears. The bartering of variously coloured beads, brass and iron wire, etc., for native flour was going on in camp. Watching this, our friend suddenly stooped down, snatched a handful of beads and made off with them in a leisurely manner. Immediately there was an uproar from my people, and a dozen boys gave chase to try to recover the stolen goods. At the same time the affair was reported to me in my tent. On emerging, I saw the tall black savage stalking across the open ground with a howling mob of my



A M'BONI VILLAGE.

Perhaps twenty grass shelters are dotted here and there under the trees.

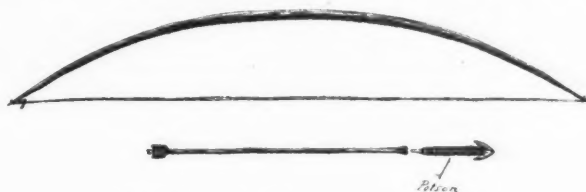


"A SMALL NATIVE BOY WAS IN THE ACT OF PINKING AN ENORMOUS ELEPHANT."

porters round him. Without turning to the right or left and without hurry he kept his two roft. spears darting in all directions, and none could close with him. Something had to be done. At first I thought of doing something silly with a rifle, and then I had a brain-wave. I shouted to the boys to stone him. They jumped to the idea, and in three seconds that scoffing barbarian had his tail down and was running for dear life, amid all roars of laughter from both sides. Unluckily for him a rock weighing several pounds caught him on the back of the neck and over he went. Like a pack of terriers, my lads were on him, and presently he was borne back in triumph to camp. His strength was so prodigious and his naked body so covered in sheep's fat that it took a dozen men to hold him. A public thrashing was now administered, in order to show the tribe that that kind of game would not do. But being quite drunk the only effect of the thrashing was to make the victim sing and laugh. This rather spoilt the effect of the whole thing, so I gave orders to tie him up until he was sober. Thus he passed the night, singing the whole time. Nothing could be done to silence him, but the camp guards kept pouring buckets of cold water over him to try to sober him up. In spite of this he was still supremely drunk next morning when we let him go.

One morning early, news came in to the Boni village that the tracks of two large bull elephants were to be seen not far off. Arrived at the tracks, it was evident that they had passed along there during the night. Soon the welcome signs of their having fed as they went were seen. Promising as these signs were, it was not until midday that we began to come up with them. Presently the tracks led us into a patch of dense evergreen forest, and here we expected to find them. Leaving my companions near the edge of the forest, I went in on the tracks as silently yet as quickly as possible. I went quickly because the wind was tricky, and it is always better on these occasions to get to close quarters as soon as you can, thereby lessening the chances of your game winding you. I was soon within hearing distance of the elephants. As

I lifted my leg cautiously over some tangle of bush I could hear a deep sigh or an internal rumble from the dozing animals. Turning a bush the following scene disclosed itself. A small native boy was in the act of pinking an enormous elephant with his tiny reed arrow. Aiming for the big intestine of the father beast he let drive before I could stop him. In an instant all was uproar. The two elephants stampeded madly through the forest, crashing everything down in front of them, disappearing in a cloud of pollen, dust and leaves. The formerly still and sleepy bush seemed alive with crying monkeys and calling



M'SANYA BOW AND POISONED ARROW.

The poisoned part is carried, separately from the shank, carefully wrapped in buckskin.

birds as the little boy proceeded coolly to pick up his guinea-fowl arrow where it had fallen after failing to pierce the elephant's hide.

"Hullo, you little devil," I said.

A half glance round and he was gone. The little sportsman had been simply amusing himself. Of course, the grown men of the Wa Boni kill elephants, but for this they use extraordinarily heavy arrows which require immensely powerful bows to propel them. Some of these bows require a pull of 100lb. to get them out to the end of the wooden arrow where the poisoned part fits into a socket. There is some peculiar knack in this, as no other native I have seen—and certainly no white man—can get them more than half way, and yet these natives are very small and slight.

MASTERPIECES OF TAPESTRY

THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION OF TEXTILES IN THE VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM.—II

THE TAPESTRIES OF BEAUVAIS.

By W. G. THOMSON.

WERE it for its exquisite colours alone, this collection of Beauvais tapestries, which we owe to the liberality of French owners, would be invaluable. The charm of the tapestries of Beauvais is as indescribable as it is strong. The transparent artificiality of its nicely posed groups of lords and ladies in brilliant dresses masquerading as simple shepherds or milkmaids may dissolve criticism in a smile, but these motives were as true to the spirit of the age of Louis XV as the peasant scenes

in the Early Flemish hangings were to that of the fifteenth century. The success of Beauvais was due to the genius of François Boucher, the child of his age, whose marvellous imagination and unrivalled facility in execution evolved the style that made its tapestries appreciated above all others. In the gay court of Louis XV the somewhat heavy and laboured architectural tapestries designed by the successors of Lebrun at the Gobelins found little favour. Madame de Pompadour preferred the pastorals, the Eastern scenes, the Chinese hangings, and Boucher



"THE RETURN FROM FISHING," BY F. BOUCHER.
The property of M. Stettiner.



"THE FAIR," BY F. BOUCHER.
The property of M. Stettiner.

was her favourite painter. From his designs was woven the second series of Chinese tapestries, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when China was the land of romance to Europe and the influence of things Chinese pervaded the applied arts. While in England tapestries in the Chinese "taste" were limited in design to reproductions of lacquer trays, in France a bolder spirit prevailed and Chinese scenes were produced in much the same way as the pastorals. Of these Boucher

designed eight. The sketches are now in the Museum at Besançon, and the painting of the cartoons has been attributed to Dumont. From these were woven the marvellous tapestries lent by M. Stettiner, representing "The Fair," "The Dance," "The Departure for the Fishing" and "The Return."

Look at "The Fair." Through a dark foreground where carpets, vases and other articles for sale are strewn, the eye passes into that radiant light in which Boucher gloried. To



THE DANCE," BY F. BOUCHER.
The property of M. Stettiner.



"VERTUMNUS AND POMONA," BY F. BOUCHER.
The property of M. Théodore Reinach.



PASTORAL, ATTRIBUTED TO J. B. HUET.
The property of M. Théodore Reinach.

the left a stately Court lady in pseudo-Chinese attire is bargaining with dealers in birds. Standing on a platform a snake-charmer and juggler is displaying his feats; by him stands the assistant, or orator, a tall man dressed like the high priest of some strange cult; in front, sitting in a canopied carriage propelled by a servant, is a dainty lady whose face bears some resemblance to the Pompadour herself. The distance, a *mélange* of the most delicate pinks, blues and yellows broken into grey, reveals merchants, buyers, elephants, tents, trees and buildings until they are lost in the grey luminous sky gradated into blue overhead. The whole is masterly; it carries in it no suggestion of labour; it is like a scene from Fairyland. The spirit of it is essentially French, the Chinese accessories are but masks.

In contrast to "The Fair," "The Dance" is full of action—four men, their hands joined aloft, whirling, stepping and stamping with all the vigour of inspired devotees—surely the most fantastic dance painter ever drew. There is pathos in that mad whirl, too, with a touch of the pierrot as well. To the right is a group, as beautiful in distribution as it is in detail, of performers on various musical instruments. Behind these, with incense burning in front, on his high dais covered with golden drapery, reclines the emperor, or mandarin, magnificently attired in gold, pink and green, but the least interesting figure in the composition.

"The Departure for Fishing" is remarkable for its wonderfully luminous sky with moving clouds and aerial depth. Delicate blues, greens and yellows represent the distant hills, trees and rocks above a pearly lake in which is the boat with figures in exquisite light colours. In this passage there is a marvellous atmospheric effect. Towards the foreground the colours deepen, the waves in the lake become deeper blue, with water plants, flowers and fish in the foreground.

Skilful grouping and beautiful colour characterise "The Return." The chief figure is the fisherman with his net, quaint headdress and gorgeous attire; but the expression of his face is extraordinary—inscrutable. Two ladies—one dressed in blue, rose and yellow—and a boy complete the group, which is set in a background of grassy bank, landing stage, buildings and poplar trees.

Wherein lies the charm of these hangings? That they are beautiful, splendidly composed, gracefully grouped, of most exquisite colour, romantic subject and infinite variety of detail is true; but there is something more. There is the tapestry craftsmanship, the expert knowledge that has used the capacities of the material to its utmost, where by its very surface it glorifies the painting it represents by the manipulation of silks and wools and brings together all the details in harmony. The Chinese element, too, gives an arresting touch and piquancy to the design like the Moorish style grafted on the arts of Spain.

Attributed to Boucher, the "Vertumnus and Pomona," which is the property of M. Théodore Reinach, represents the god of the seasons and of change, wooing Pomona, the goddess of the fruits of the earth. He sought her in the form of a soldier, haymaker and many others, but unsuccessfully, until he came in the shape of an aged woman. This tapestry is a true product of the art of France. In the soft glowing sky are cupids at play in a garden with a statue almost lost in light, trees of soft foliage, and flowers. The robe of Vertumnus is of marvellous velvety crimson, with a pale purple under-garment: that of Pomona, basking in the light beside him, is of white, yellow and blue silk—the most voluptuous colour scheme ever attempted. The same owner lends "La Fermière," a beautiful pastoral attributed to J. B. Huet, the animal and landscape painter. Although it lacks the seductive colour quality of the "Vertumnus" it is of more even tone throughout and, perhaps, more suitable as decoration. The soft, diffused light in the foliage the greys, of the buildings and foreground shaded with yellowish green, form an ideal setting to the charming group of the farmer and milkmaid.

The "Vulcan and Venus," one of the series representing the Amours of the Gods, is remarkable for its grandeur and aerial spaciousness. Almost lost in the luminous sky are hovering cupids, birds, the chariot of Venus, attendant nymphs, and the goddess poised on a cloud, inclining towards Vulcan, who gazes upwards. Against this luminous mass are placed the darker figures of the worker of metals and his artificers, vases and arms, while on the right is the glowing forge by gigantic rocks. It is the property of M. Meunier.

The series of four tapestries termed "Les tentures des Dieux," lent by M. Larcade, forms a complete contrast to the others. Statues of Amphitrite, Venus, Jupiter and Ceres are represented in the interiors of temples of great beauty and rich decoration. Groups of worshippers, brilliant birds, fountains, deep blue pillars with caryatids, brilliant canopies and drapery produce an effect of almost overpowering richness. A narrow border of strapwork and rosettes on a green ground frames

the series. Late in the eighteenth century were woven the "Convois Militaires" from pictures by François Casanova (1727-1802), who was born in London of Italian parents. Two of the series have been lent by M. Wildenstein. These represent "La Tente du Vivandier" and the "Choc." Of masterly composition, the first shows a cavalier on a white charger talking to a woman beside a huge tent, while soldiers and women are sitting on the grass; the other, a battle where cavalry and infantry are engaged. Full of vigour and dash, these are of quiet colour and subdued tone, the prevailing tints being brown, green and greys. The proximity of the brilliant Chinese set

makes them appear dull and lifeless, and in addition a very charming and powerful Flemish tapestry is placed between them. This panel is of universal interest in its subject, which represents the interior of a boys' and girls' school as it was conducted in the sixteenth century, though the tapestry was woven in the seventeenth. On the right is the boys' division, in which the master stands by the table engaged in sanding a paper. On the left is the girls' division, where needlework and embroidery are being taught. A floral border of great beauty and wonderful freshness completes the panel, which has been lent by M. Perdreau.

PICTURES OF CHILDREN

IN her pictures of children at the Macrae Gallery, 95, Regent Street, Mrs. Bernard Darwin (Miss Elinor M. Monsell) gets a character that is more often met with in literature than in painting. To say that it is the character of the child sounds like a paradox; but it is not really so, because most people when they paint children treat them either as merely the young of the species or as the vessels of their own sentimentality. Mrs. Darwin is entirely unsentimental, but she has, on the other hand, that sense of childhood as a positive state, with a charm and dignity of its own, not always convenient to grown-up charm and dignity, which appears in the Primitives, and, with a special turn, in Velazquez, but hardly again until you come down to the poems of Blake. Throughout her exhibition you are haunted with memories of "Songs of Innocence."

Mrs. Darwin makes the child rather a terrible person—which is a very different thing from the *enfant terrible*. She insists upon the inalienable rights of the child to be itself, and reminds us how very touchy those rights are. The child has grace; but it is a grace of its own, resembling awkwardness, and by no means to be caught on canvas by watering down the grace of its mother. The child, in fact, has most of the qualities, good and bad, of its elders; but they are all expressed in a translation: which is childhood. It is this translation, which baffles most painters, which Mrs. Darwin makes so unerringly. She may falter in execution, but she never falters in what may be called the idiom of childhood.

If you had to give a name to the character most present in her portraits of children, you would say "solemnity." But it is not solemnity of expression, even that which comes when you are sitting for your portrait; it is the solemnity of a state, of being a child. For it is entirely a mistake to suppose that the child regards itself as a negative person, as not being grown-up; unself-conscious by our standards of behaviour, it is desperately self-conscious in relation to its own. All its attitudes and gestures are hieratical, in some liturgy to which we have lost the key. Look, for example, at "The Toy Bird" or "Nicolette." Her arms are not merely folded, they are folded with all their might.

It is this effect of doing the simplest things with a full sense of their importance which gives character to the actions of childhood. People of science may tell us that it is due to difficulty of co-ordination, but the effect is there all the same, and it influences the child's ideas of how other beings perform their functions; how the star shines, or the flower grows, or the road goes on. Nothing merely happens. Even when children imitate the actions or occupations of grown-ups they give them this effect of responsibility; as a foreigner, speaking English perfectly as to pronunciation and grammar, will still put the stress on the wrong part of the sentence, so that a commonplace remark becomes important and memorable. "The Young Nursery Maid" is a good instance of the way Mrs. Darwin catches a difference which is something more than a difference of scale or practice in the business done.

A slip in the titling, "The Boy with the Flute," instead of "The Boy with the Tin-whistle," might be taken as marking the distinction between the sentimental treatment of childhood and Mrs. Darwin's. In her hands everything depends on its being a tin-whistle. Her imagination is inspired by the facts, and not by some poetical evasion of them—if an evasion ever can be poetical. Not that her imagination is not capable of taking the facts into the region of symbolical design—such things as "Baby with Torch" and "Nymph and Horse" are proofs to the contrary—but that, however far the facts are digested, in deference to the medium she happens to be using, she always keeps their character. These are the designs which make you think of Blake, not as imitations, but as belonging to the same world of imagination, a world in which the thing comes true according to the rules of the stuff in which it is made.

"Dancing Children," the largest and most ambitious design, shows that when Mrs. Darwin is painting she, quite properly, keeps as much of naturalistic beauty, quality of flesh, effect of light and atmosphere, as is compatible with decoration

as a first motive. This picture is painted in *tempera*, and there seems a certain sympathy between that medium and her powers and preferences in subject. It does not lend itself to facility, but it rewards the pure taste in colour and the faithful hand in the worship of form. Shall we say that it is the medium for childhood?

CHARLES. MARRIOTT.



THE TOY BIRD.



THE YOUNG NURSERY MAID.



“THE Ghost first called ‘Amy, Amy, Amy’; and then no more . . . next, it had got ye Pot Crooks out of ye kitchen and did throw them with a great force against the same door; above a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hower after, it had got ye spade out of ye stables and brought it to ye same door and propt ye latch of ye door with it. Nexte I did goe to my chamber to fetch something from my boxe, and it was lying on my bed—covered with a grey close—a youth with his hat lying over his face. Again I was set knetting between my mother and my Aunt by the fire-side and my head cloathes was taken of my head unknown to me and ye pins stuck in my necklace; after that I had a mind to go out of doors, and going to ye door my shoe was gone of my foot, I knew not how, and could not find it.”

Mr. John Van den Bempde paused in his recital and irritably turned the pages of the ill written female scrawl from which he was reading for the sixth time. He had good cause for annoyance; that he, last of a family of successful business men, last in the sense that his children’s children would be country bred and of rustic pursuits; that he, in his house in Pell Mell, within three doors of the Green Dragon near St. James’s, and in the year of grace 1717, should ever be fated to read such a preposterous communication was indeed hard to bear. Though successful in his commercial ventures, his life had not been a happy one. His sister Margaret, who in the time of his late Majesty James II had married my lord O’Brien, much against Lord Inchequin my lord’s father’s will,

had died in the flower of her youth in 1691; his own married life had been unhappy; probably about 1665 he married a maiden who, although from her name—Miss Temperance Packer—and her excellent parents whose portraits yet hang at Hackness, it seemed reasonable to hope would be a thrifty, religious, submissive wife, yet turned out to be the very opposite, a regular virago, a spendthrift and a villainous evil spouse. She sought to pawn that treasure of the Van den Bempde’s—which has since disappeared and is remembered only by tradition—the diamond tiara given by Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of one of her maids of honour marrying a Bempde many years ago; that Bempde was the son of the merchant whom Henry VIII knighted soon after his arrival in this country. Abraham, father of worried John, had married Margaret, a daughter of Sir Peter Van Lore, who had come out of Utrecht in the eighth year of King James I’s reign and lies buried at Tylehurst, near Reading.

Ten years ago John Van den Bempde bought Hackness Hall from the Sydenhams; but even that brought him little satisfaction, for his daughter Charlotte, egged on by that hussy Temperance, eloped with “a beggarly Scotch Marquis”—my lord of Annandale. Charlotte, who was painted by Sir Peter Lely, sits up very straight in her landscape, and we can imagine her a capricious dark beauty, and, when she was painted, very proud of her matrimonial success—which the painter noticed. Only the year before, too, John’s only son had died, shortly after a visit



Copyright.

1.—FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”

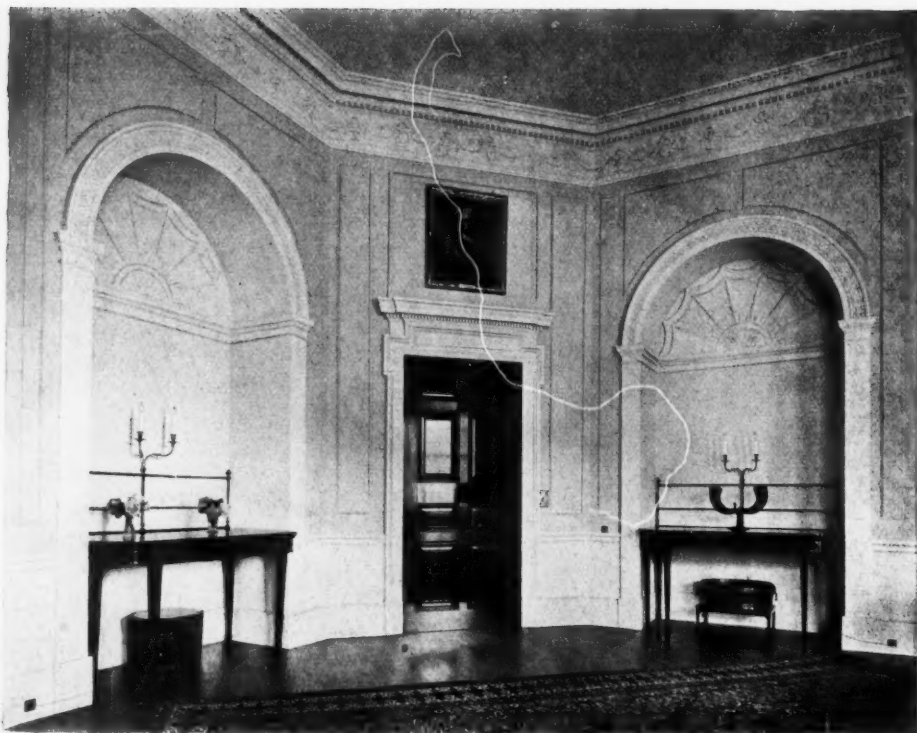
The building is of yellow Hackness stone—similar to Whitby stone. The perfect proportions of this front render it difficult to tell the scale, but it can be got from the terrace railings.



Copyright.

2.—THE STAIRCASE HALL.
Entirely remodelled after the fire.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—AN END OF THE DINING-ROOM.
Showing the original side tables.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



4.—THE ENTRANCE: LOOKING THROUGH TO THE STAIRCASE HALL.
Mainly new work.

to Hackness, and this was why he was so sad and angry at this letter. It was written by one Amy Richardson, daughter of the parson of Hackness who lived but a stone's cast from the Hall, and the ghost she had seen was that of his son. That was revealed in the next sentence of the letter. When Miss Amy, in spite of the irretrievable loss of her shoe, was taking the air, she walked towards the brook that runs a little west of the house, and there the spirit revealed itself, and, taking her by the hand, led her into the water, and told her his name and that he was in a happy place. Then his brother came up and, seeing her apparently alone in the water, took her other arm and pulled her forth, the ghostie pulling at the other. At last an appointment was made for a drier spot—Weston Church porch, eighteen miles off. Richardson père and Amy and the sexton accordingly repaired thither on the appointed day and, leaving the men at the lych, Amy advanced alone to her tryst; sure enough it appeared beautifully dressed "all in white, open breasted having a black hat and gloves and shoes of black and silver. And I thought he appeared very pleasant before me in the church porch. He said: 'I am Phillip Bempde. There is £50 which my father hath wronged your father of.' If I did not tell my father these things I must be tormented all my life. It shook me 3 or 4 times by ye hand and then began to sing ye 1st verse of the 39th psalm:

I said I will looke to my ways
Lest with my tongue I sin:
In sight of wicked men my mouth
With bridle I'll keepe in.

and so it vanished singing out of my sight."

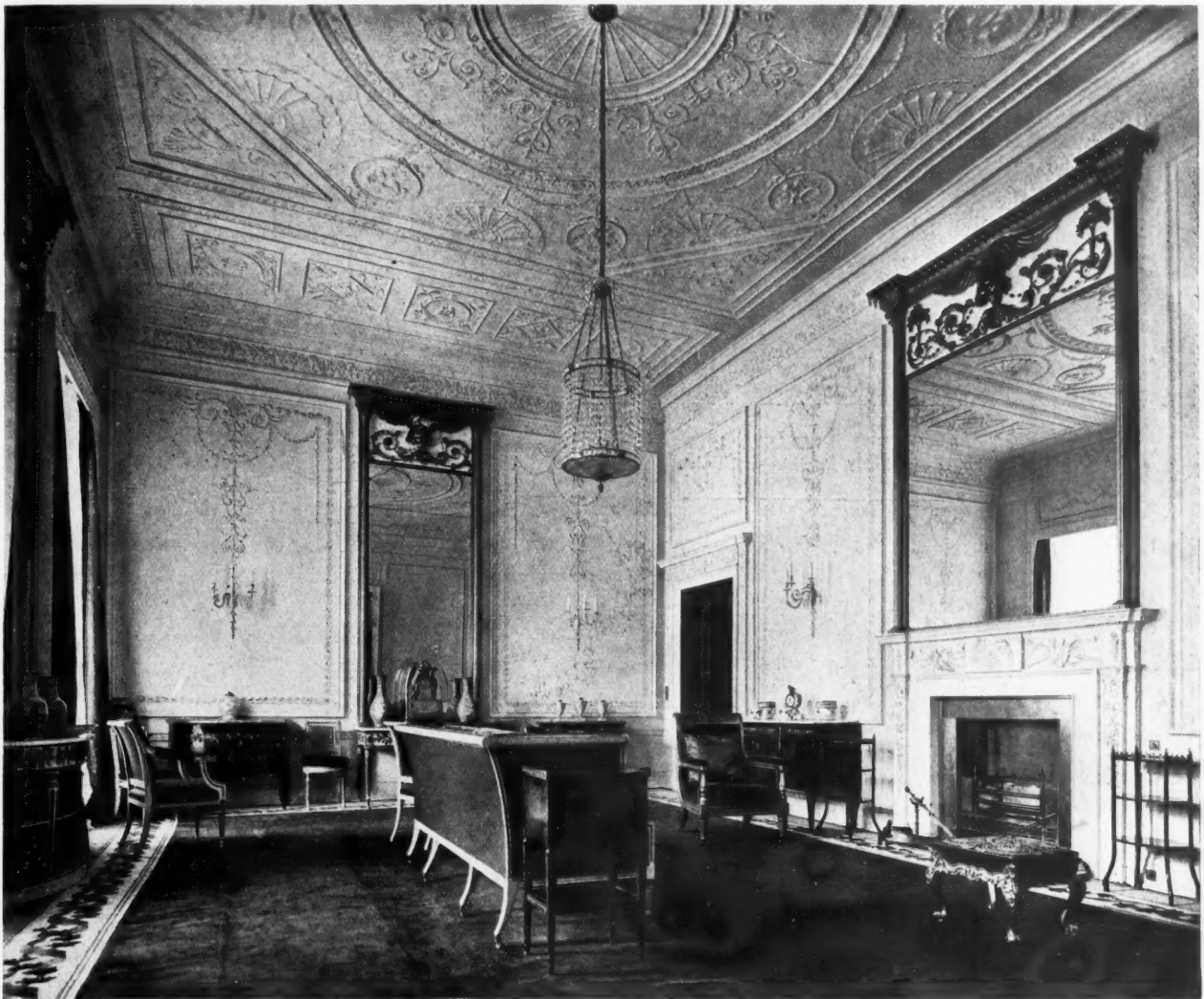
Mr. Bempde at length sat down and penned a learned refutation; he denied the existence of spirits and hinted at their connection with Popery; also he denied any dealings with Richardson; then he bursts out: "You have forged this apparition . . . as to make an angel of light and truth come from ye regions of Blisse with a lying message." More astounding events befell; other servants, of course, were scared to death by the ghost. But John had good friends who, because all Yorkshire was agog with the strange news from Hackness, looked into the matter. They visited the Vicarage, and heard noises, but after searching the house found nothing till one of their number forced open a little door the latch of which was at first held down, and found—an old woman crouched behind it, Mrs. Richardson. "She began to be violently angry and to use no small cargo of ill language." The long and short

of it was, as you, astute reader, have probably guessed, that the whole affair was a disgusting, cruel hoax on the part of the Richardsons, and a signed confession was extorted from the wretches at Quarter Sessions.

After all had blown over Mr. Bempde went to Hackness, where he spent the remainder of his days. The house was an old one, Late Elizabethan in construction, of the "H" plan with gables and tall chimneys. A picture shows it nestling amid the hills, and deer in their hundreds upon each of them. And such deer! the size of the great Irish elk; no wonder Rufus had a hunting lodge here, in spite of the fact that the land belonged to the Abbey of Whitby—having been the spot chosen by great St. Hilda for a cell said to be called "Hactenus" or "the back of Beyond," whence a county historian derives Hackness, not without cries of protest from the word—a Danish one signifying sharp or brokenness. Indeed, the spot is very beautiful, being at the confluence of six or seven valleys, as though some god had stuck his finger into a wooded plain, causing the

distressed widow in the 13th month of her single and most solitary life" espoused Sir Thomas Posthumous Hoby, or Hobby, of a West Country family, lately of no little eminence in the diplomatic world. Sir Philip Hoby was employed by Edward VI at Bruges, negotiating with the Archduke Charles. Later he and Paget had charge of the preliminaries that sought to negotiate a treaty between that Prince and the young Queen Elizabeth. His son, Sir Thomas, father of Posthumous, was a "compleat gentleman," having "spent some time among Oxonian Muses," and was resident minister at Paris. He married Sir Anthony Coke's daughter—a sister of Lady Bacon, mother of Shakespeare's rival. But he died aged thirty-six in 1565, leaving a posthumous son who bore the accident of his birth for ever in his name—Posthumous. He married the widow Sidney, and, although letters are extant, such as this one:

Dear harte . . . bye me, or send me, 2 pound of starch for I have none left . . . I should confess you to be an exceeding good husbände and to deserve a better wife than my witte will serve



Copyright.

5.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The furniture, typical of the early Regency, is of white and gold, upholstered in red. The mirrors are of good Sheraton period design.

surface to sink and the sides to wrinkle, exclaiming, "Here, were I a man, would be my home." Students of English poetry may relish this elegant extract from "Scarborough. A Poem":

. . . Hackness, loved retreat
That circled round with guardian hills, that lay'd
With gen'rous streams, that cheered with spacious meeds
Of flower bespangled green, that nobly crowned
With pensive groves, arrests the Sons of Taste
And bursts upon the eye, complete in ev'ry charm.

At the Dissolution the lands passed to the Crown and remained with it until, in 1563, Queen Elizabeth granted them with other lands to Lord Robert Dudley, who immediately sold them to Sir John Constable. Sir Henry, his son, sold them in his turn to the trustees of Arthur Dakyn, esquire, whose daughter Margaret about that time married Walter Devereux, brother of the Earl of Essex. In his will Arthur luckily took care to settle the estate on Margaret and her remainder, for he soon died, as did also Walter. Margaret next married Thomas, son of Sir Henry Sidney, K.G., who also died childless. "His

me to be, but I will draw as nigh to the high degree as I can, and so because it is late, I will commit you without more circumstance to the Lordes best protection,

replete in connubial reciprocities, Sir Hugh Cholmondeley of Whitby took another view of Sir Posthumous: "he was of such a nature, unless a man became his very slave, there was no keeping friendship, for he loved to carry all things after his own way and humour." He elsewhere calls him "a troublesome and vexatious neighbour" and "my father's old enemy." It seems that his lady, poor thing, tried to stand up against her man, for it is said that he accelerated her end by kicking her downstairs; "the late parish clerk used to relate that he and his father had often tried to efface the spots of her life blood in the old hall, but in vain." On Hoby's death the estate passed to his nephew, John Sydenham, grandson of Sir Philip Hoby, who had had to marry a daughter of Lord Keeper Coventry in settlement of a dispute between his uncle and Sir Hugh Cholmondeley. From this time—about 1640—till 1707 when it was bought from the deeply mortgaged



6.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Painter—probably English—unknown.



7.—A DUTCH BURGOMASTER.
Probably the ancestor knighted by Henry VIII.

Sydenhams by Mr. John Van den Bempde, Hackness lacked a resident squire. As we have seen, John's only son died. His daughter, however, Lady Annandale, though his lordship died in 1720, married Colonel Johnstone, of the same neighbourhood, who was killed at Carthage in 1741 during Vernon and Wentworth's disastrous attempt in South America. Their son, Richard Van den Bempde Johnstone, succeeded to the place which on his grandfather's death had been left to his mother, and in 1797 built the present house from designs by Carr of York, who was then over seventy years of age.

Carr was born in 1723 and started at the very bottom in the building trade; in 1750, however, he was clerk of the works at Kirby Hall under Burlington and Morris, and till the end of his life the influence of Morris can be traced. There is, moreover, preserved in the Soane Collection, his manual—Morris's "Select Architecture"—with Carr's manuscript notes, which forms a key, like Inigo Jones' copy of Palladio preserved in Worcester College Library with its meticulous notes and analyses, to the source of his inspiration. In 1760 Carr came under the influence of Robert Adam at Harewood, where, though only the interior decorations are ascribed to the latter, it is certain that he was largely helped in the planning and designs by that far greater man.

The south façade of Hackness, originally the entrance front (Fig. 1), is typical of Carr's later work: the general scheme is that of a generation or two earlier, and the bay in the middle of the west side, forming one end of the octagonal dining-room (Fig. 3), is one of his favourite devices; Morris frequently used it, and it is noteworthy that Carr superintended the building of two such bays at Kirby. At Oakland in Cheshire, for which designs were made in 1762, the Hackness dining-room was foreshadowed. But in the former the recesses were semicircular, whereas at the latter they are rectangular (Fig. 3) and better suited to Adam-Chippendale side tables; by 1790, however, the more rectangular style of Sheraton, and, indeed, the whole influence of Robert Adam himself, had brought the recess with a flat back into favour.

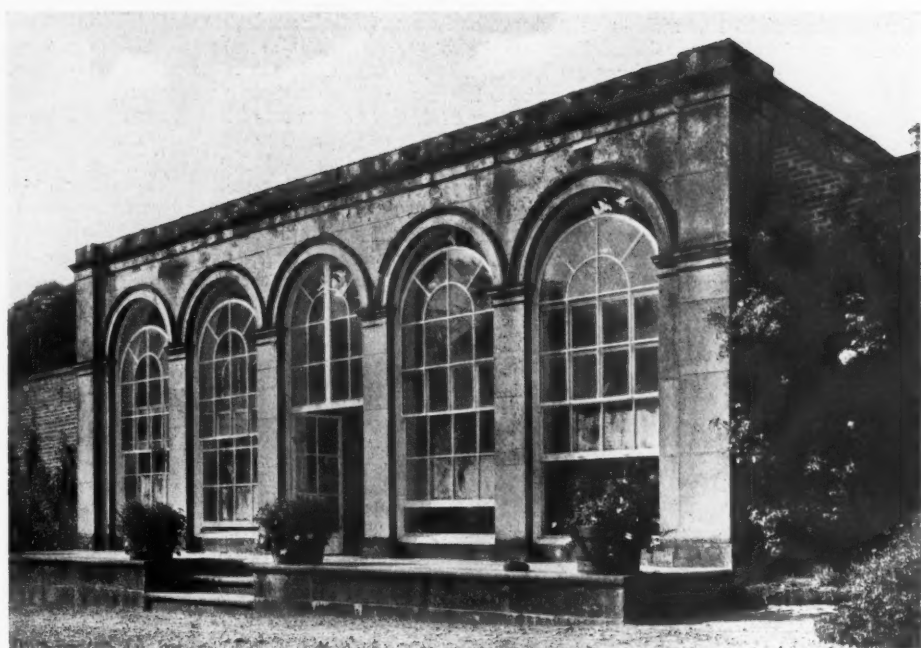
To return, however, to the exterior and plan, we find another prototype of Hackness in the plan of Thoresby Lodge, built in 1768 to replace Talman's earlier and apparently unsuitable house; in this case, however, although there is a central hall with eight rooms opening off it, the hall is circular and does not contain the staircase. Another of Carr's favourite devices is the guilloche string-course above the ground floor windows, which he employed freely in his design of the Court House and Female Ward at York Castle.

The excellent proportions and grace of Hackness in an age when Palladianism had declined into heaviness on the one side and flimsiness on the other we must therefore ascribe to Sir Richard Johnstone's wise selection of the conservative Carr as architect, who, even in his prime, never forsook the patterns and precept of text-book, and in his old age was still master of the art of an earlier day. Before quitting the outside, however, we should notice the two windows, one concealed by the tree on the left of Fig. 1 at the southern end of the western side, which are typical of the last decade of the eighteenth century, being the evolution from the Venetian windows of Wren and Gibbs. Early in the next century several big alterations were carried out, involving the addition of an east wing, just visible on the right of Fig. 1, and the addition of an entrance lobby on the north front, in order to receive the approach, shifted from the south side; the interior of it is seen in Fig. 4. Before we go any further we must remember that just before the war the house was entirely gutted by fire, and in restoration—carried out by Mr. W. H. Brierly of York—several departures were made from the original internal decoration and arrangement, especially in the

hall and this lobby. Mr. Brierly has, along with the other true architects of the day, returned to fundamentals, the severity of early Doric with a suspicion of Græco-Egyptian. Passing into the staircase hall (Fig. 2), this assertion is borne out and, allowing for the bare concrete floor and the somewhat unfortunate camera-perspective of the staircase, we get a good example of what people often refuse to realise as such—twentieth century architecture. Especially admirable is the vigorous ironwork and the bold plaster moulding of the ceiling. In Fig. 10 is all that remained of the hall after the fire. It is sufficient, however, to show Carr's typical arcading and the manner in which the stairs, leading from in front of the dining-room door, divided into two and ascended back along the walls. This arrangement made the hall so dark that it was thought better to construct an entirely new staircase, though, frankly, while fully alive to the beauties of the present, I cannot repress a sigh that the design of Carr was not repeated, for even if it was not of the highest order it was original.

In the drawing-room, however, there is no ground for complaints of this sort, since every detail has been reconstructed and the original furniture restored. An inventory of the year 1807 shows that very little change was made between the first house warming and the second disastrous excess. Fig. 5 shows a typical Early Regency interior, with commodious but somewhat ungainly furniture. The lamp described as an Egyptian lamp is an unusual development of the candelabra. The dining-room (Fig. 3) has already been referred to and is a pleasant room painted pale green and white; the guilloche of the recess arches again shows Carr's hand. The picture above the doorway is Lady Annandale's second husband, who died in South America. On other walls of the room are various family pictures, including one by Beach of Sir Richard Johnstone sitting in the library and wearing a pair of horn spectacles; a charming picture and as different as possible from that artist's portrait of Lady Johnstone in the classic manner which hangs in another room. Two original side tables of Sheraton type with brass rails and candlesticks fill the recesses, and, according to the inventory, a *Duchesse* set, now in the library, stood on either side of the fireplace; this article, mentioned by Sheraton in his "Upholsterer's Guide," consisted of two armchairs and a stool to unite them when necessary into a couch.

The present billiard-room is the central part of the south front, and opens on to the



Copyright.

8.—THE ORANGERY IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

9.—CHIMNEYPIECE IN NEW DINING-ROOM.
Of grey marble with steel grate.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



10.—THE UPPER HALF OF THE OLD STAIRCASE AFTER THE FIRE
Seen from directly below the new arched window in Fig. 2. The arcading is typical of Carr.

broad step seen in Fig. 1. A picture by Jackson of "Mr. Hopper," a local farmer, hangs here, a fine example of the work of an artist who is less known than he should be, considering his early revulsion from classicism. A first-rate Dutch painting (Fig. 7) of a Dutch Burgomaster, probably the original Van den Bempde knighted by Henry VIII, also hangs here, and Fig. 6, of Queen Elizabeth when young, indeed juvenile, by, I am inclined to think, an English artist. Among other pictures is a life-size pastel of Lady Johnstone—Sir Richard's wife—with all her family, by Russell, reputed to be his largest, and tacitly admitted to be not his best work, although Queen Adelaide is said to have coveted it, being an admirer of that artist.

Fig. 9 is the fireplace in the new dining-room, designed by Mr. Brierly, that lies on the left of the entrance hall and occupies what was formerly a bedroom and small sitting-room.

The two remaining illustrations (Figs. 8 and 11), however, are entirely Carr's work—the orangery and the stables, which latter, forming three sides of a square, are a good example of that branch of architecture.

It is unfortunate that none of the photographs shows very clearly the romantic situation of the Hall. As at Houghton two generations earlier, the garden scheme necessitated the moving of the village a few hundred yards further westward, with the result that it is something of a model village of a hundred years ago, a little stream of spring water running each side of the road.

Both village and Hall are built of the excellent local stone, called after the place, Hackness stone; in colour it varies from buff to yellow ochre, has an excellent surface and stands the weather well; it is, indeed, much the same as Whitby grit, of which the famous Abbey was constructed, and which, we learnt recently in these pages, had been used for Houghton by Sir Robert Walpole.

I have, in the foregoing pages, drawn freely upon the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Erskine Perry's excellent monograph on "The Van den Bempde Papers"—a collection of MSS, varying from the jotted accounts of John Van den Bempde when at Westminster School under Dr. Busby to several essays by Francis Bacon, who was nephew of Lady Hoby, the mother of Sir Posthumous. How the essays came into the possession of the purchaser of Hackness, unless through the Sydenhams, it is hard to see. It will be remembered that Sir Thomas Hoby, father of Sir Posthumous, married a Miss Coke, sister of Lady Bacon, the mother of the great man. Though it might seem improbable that the Chancellor should dispose of his literary works to such relatives, yet the fact remains that they got there somehow. Left to the Sydenhams by Sir Posthumous, Mr. Bempde most likely made a special point of purchasing these MSS. They were lent by him for publication when the first collection of essays was printed in the eighteenth century.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



Copyright.

11.—THE STABLES.
There are two similar blocks concealed behind this one.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

BY-PATHS OF THE RIVIERA

The Riviera of the Corniche Road, by Sir Frederick Treves, Bart. (Cassell, 25s. net.)

GUIDE books or descriptive books of travel, or books that "lead one by the hand" and strike the posture of a pilgrimage, as a class are bad. They are almost invariably irritating and frequently dry. Usually they give one the mere dusted bones of history, of beauty, or of romance, without the saving grace of expression, introducing one to still life with such phrases as "Let us now proceed to view," etc.; introducing one to vibrant, refracting life with such expressions as "So-and-so now confronts us and we pause." To the big formal things lip-service is paid, while the little obscure things, the wayside things which jointly form the character of a country, are passed by. Invariably such works lack the finer shades, the finer perceptions, of humour, pathos, the symbolical, the individual, the peculiar; they revel simply in hackneyed words like "quaint" and "picturesque."

Sir Frederick Treves' *Riviera of the Corniche Road* obeys none of these conventional characteristics, but leads one along La Grande Corniche from Nice eastwards through a coast-country enchanted by the author's mind. The Riviera—and especially this section of it—was never so popular, has never been, perhaps, so frequented by English people as during the past winter. But one wonders how large a proportion of hotel-crowding visitors have any conception of it other than as a place where one can enjoy a sun-bath, play tennis at ease, or winter luxuriously. Reading Sir Frederick Treves' book, they will never so trivially regard it again, but beyond its mere superficial attractions will discover a new field of exploration, a new characteristic significance, and will see in its tumbling villages and sun-baked towns, its highways and byways, and in almost every mile of its rocky coast, not a playground merely but an integral part of European history.

A delightful sensitiveness plays about Sir Frederick's pages, and his moods conform—as those of every descriptive writer should—to the varying character of the particular place he is visiting, such character being dependent upon its history and habits no less than upon its physical or social characteristics. His word-picture of a Christmas daybreak at Monte Carlo, for instance:

... It was evident that on the slope below me was a town and, at the foot of the town, a harbour. The town was a mere dark mass, so confused that it might have been a jumble of black rocks, save that, here and there, were tiny lights—lights evidently in upper windows. From one hidden casement nearby, that must have been open and uncurtained, a gleam fell upon the side of a villa revealing every detail of shutter and balcony as well as a strip of bright ornament painted on the wall. The harbour was made manifest by two black piers with a light at the end of each—one green, one red—by a sheen, like that of quicksilver, on the water in the basin and by a row of lamps upon the three sides of the quay.

This is not Sir Frederick's last impression, however, nor his only word about Monte Carlo. He is struck at his first visit by the singularly un-vicious appearance of "this place which those who are careless of terms describe as 'a Hell.'" Once, and once only in the book, is he disturbed in the even tenor of his way. It is when he comes to the subject of Monte Carlo's peculiar sport—pigeon shooting:

In pigeon shooting from traps there is not the faintest element of sport. It is merely an exhibition of mean brutality which is totally opposed to the British conception of sport and it is gratifying to note that among the competitors in this contemptible game an English name is uncommon. The terrified pigeon pegged out to be shot at has practically no chance, while the skill displayed by the most apt of the pseudo-sportsmen is of a paltry order.

And he is no less scathing on the subject of Monte Carlo's dog shows. "It is not really a dog-show but rather a dogs' afternoon-party or *conversazione*, where dogs of both sexes meet, renew acquaintances, gossip after their fashion with much tail-wagging and at times cut one another or quarrel." And the author sees pre-eminently the humorous side of Monte Carlo's golf.

But these are only the lighter aspects of this fascinating book. The bulk of it is concerned with all the funny little towns, obscure or famous, which cluster along the sun-warmed coast; and with those who inhabit them; and with its placid daily life and with its once-turbid life of conquest, reconquest, pillage and rapine. These are as unsuspected as they are remarkable. Of unobtrusive little Grasse, for instance, who would suspect that it has seen so many queer facets in the life of the great Mirabeau, orator, statesman, *roué*? Not that Mirabeau plays the chief part in Sir Frederick Treves' story of Grasse, but his sister does, and she is an acquaintance we fain would not have missed—Louise, Marquise de Cabris. She was one

of those delightful women—in romance—whom the world fosters as an innocent, convinced that she is the persecuted angel of a worthless husband:

They petted her, made much of her and comforted her in a warm, caressing way. They knew as little what kind of innocent they were fussing over as does a hen who fosters a pretty ball of yellow down that turns into a duckling.

Louise was much attached (at first) to her famous brother; she was the repository of his love affairs and of most of his difficulties. We particularly appreciate her sense of sport, though it is, perhaps, hardly fair to extract such a gem from the heart of the book. We mean the anecdote of the placards that appeared on Grasse walls one day, reviling "in the coarsest and plainest language" the ladies of the town, with the conspicuous exception of the most notorious of them all, the Marquise herself:

... There was a violent and confused uproar which was hushed at last by the payment to the injured parties of a large sum by the foolish Marquis de Cabris. ... Louise, on the other hand, said with hauteur that they (the placards) were beneath her notice and, at the same time, wished it to be known that she was very cross with those who had the audacity to suspect her.

Mirabeau's precipitate attack upon one of his volatile sister's elderly vilifiers—for which, incidentally, he suffered two years' imprisonment—is deliciously described; and indeed, the book teems with historical anecdotes which by Sir Frederick's versatile pen are made living and real. However well you may think you know your Riviera coast, or however many approved guide books you may have studied, you cannot fail to learn much that is new from *The Riviera of the Corniche Road*. Who, for instance, that did not know the place intimately would suspect the presence of wolves in the woods of Roquebrune at this day? The which established fact leads the author to surmise that Little Red Riding Hood dwelt here—a possibly sanguine hypothesis. And who is so well acquainted as Sir Frederick with the caves of Mentone, the inhabitants of which represented "the Adam and Eve of human history" and the skeletons of which, 50,000 years old, are to be found in the Museum? And who could so agreeably tell the story of how the convent of St. Pons came to an end with its interweaving little thread of romance that carries one back to the "great days of chivalry," the fifteenth century? Romance, indeed—the romance of beautiful vanished novices being sought and found by faithful knights-errant after years of fruitless wandering, the romance of "desperate rescues, of tragic escapes, of fights on prison roofs, and of a general and brilliant disorder"—teems in these pages; even the rather ghastly romance of Paganini, the violinist's body; and is it not in search of romance that a large proportion of the English "leisured class" migrates winter by winter to these Southern shores?

The remoter history of the Riviera coast is very adequately described in the earlier chapters: that of the Ligurians who were followed by the Carthaginians or Phœnicians, that of the Romans who came "marching in invincible columns," that of the devastating barbarism which followed upon the fall of Rome, the Vandals or Goths and the Lombards. Then the terrifying Saracens, whose sojourn was succeeded by a period of petty fights between innumerable small principalities and powers, between men who were, in general, swashbucklers and thieves—but "they had some of the traits of crude gentlemen, some rudiments of honour, some chivalry of an emotional type, and an unreliable reverence for the pretty woman."

In fact, the concluding paragraph of this first alluring chapter of *The Riviera of the Corniche Road* best sums up its character then and now:

So far as our present purpose is concerned the fact need only be noted that the spoiled and petted Riviera has been the scene of almost continuous disturbance and bloodshed for the substantial period of some seventeen hundred years and that it has now become a Garden of Peace, calmed by a kind of agreeable dream-haunted stupor such as may befall a convulsed man who has been put asleep by cocaine.

WILFRID EWART.

ART HATH ITS ADVENTURES ALSO.

UNDER the title of *Russian Portraits* (Jonathan Cape) Mrs. Sheridan has published a full account of her journey to Russia, of which the gist was given in a remarkable series of articles published in the *Times* some weeks ago. The reader's attention is distracted by two very different points of view. One is found in the dangers, discomforts and surprises which awaited the sculptor when she ventured into that land of mystery, Bolshevik Russia. We looked ever and again at the end to see whether there was not a postscript saying that she had met her fate on one of the frosty dawns that abounded during her visit. The other is the human and artistic side. Next to seeing in actual life the leaders of the latest anarchical movement the best way to satisfy curiosity is to examine their appearance in photograph and bust. The conclusions at which a student of humanity will arrive

need not necessarily coincide with those of the artist. Mrs. Sheridan was naturally excited by the events of her journey, and her descriptions bear witness to the fact. Lenin's "genial manner and a kindly smile" are not very apparent in his pictures. A harder or more repulsive face we have never seen than that which appears equally in the bust and in the photograph. It is only fair, however, to give Mrs. Sheridan's account of the way in which the bust was made. Her subject laughed and frowned and looked thoughtful, sad and humorous all in turn. After watching his expressions she made her selection with "a frantic rush." It was his "screwed-up look." Trotsky's face is more striking, but not more likeable. One would have liked to see the two at a certain moment. She had found it impossible to see his face because he was bending down writing at his desk, so "I went and knelt in front of the writing table opposite him, with my chin on his papers. He looked up from his writing and stared back, a perfectly steady, unabashed stare." One had guessed from the drawing which is reproduced on page 125 that his face was a little out of shape, a fact of which he is conscious, for he "opened his mouth and snapped his teeth to show me that his underjaw is crooked, and as he did so he reminded me of a snarling wolf," and indeed in Russia he is nicknamed "the wolf." Something of that characteristic comes out in the last paragraph devoted to him. "Suddenly turning on me, with clenched teeth and fire in his eyes, he shook a threatening finger in my face: 'If, when you get back to England, *vous nous calomniez* as the rest have, I tell you that I will come to England *et je vous—*' He did not say what he would do, but there was murder in his face." On the whole, Mrs. Sheridan may be congratulated that she lives to tell the tale of her wanderings in Bolshevik Russia.

Snow Over Elden, by Thomas Moulton. (Heinemann, 9s.)

"THERE are two things, according to my experience (which may not hold with another man), fitted beyond any others to take hot tempers out of us. The first is to see our favourite creatures feeding, and licking up their food, and happily snuffling over it, yet sparing time to be grateful, and showing taste and perception; the other is to go gardening boldly, in the spring of the year, without any misgiving about

it, and hoping the utmost of everything." That is from "Lorna Doone"; it is also the very spirit of *Snow Over Elden*, and may be matched by passages as good-hearted and as attractive. Mr. Moulton writes with intimate knowledge and love, of life in lonely farms and hamlets of the High Peak district, a countryside seldom trodden in novels; and whether he writes of snowballing or of sausages and onions for supper, of birds or of cold baths in the morning, he writes as a poet; he knows the zestful trick of making our mouths water for envy. The book has a sort of fragrance, a spirit of invincible sweetness and light towards man and beast, making us think of Schopenhauer's dictum: "Boundless compassion for all living beings is the surest and most certain guarantee of pure moral conduct, and needs no casuistry." Of incident the book has little; it is the simplest of country chronicles and love stories, and from the first chapter we know who will marry whom. But there are a freshness and charm in the telling, and the book bears that curious, intangible impress that cannot be counterfeited, the stamp of a generous and noble nature. V. H. F.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Streaks of Life, by Ethel Smyth, Mus. Doc. (Longmans Green, 10s. 6d.)

Paul Verlaine, by Harold Nicolson. (Constable, 12s. 6d.)

Henry Dundas, Scots Guards: A Memoir, with a Preface, by Horatio F. Browne, LL.D. (Blackwood, 12s. 6d.)

POETRY.

A Selection from the Poems of Giosuè Carducci, translated and annotated with a biographical introduction, by Emily A. Tribe. (Longman, 14s.)

FICTION.

The Woman Triumphant, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. (Constable, 8s. 6d.)

The Plunge, by St. John Lucas. (Blackwood, 6s.)

The Education of Eric Lane, by Stephen McKenna. (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)

The Early Hours, by Marmaduke Pickthall. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

THE LINLITHGOW AND STIRLINGSHIRE HUNT

THE Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt dates from 1775, and the old Hunt kennels, known as the "Dog Houses," at Lethem, near Midcalder, are still in existence. In 1869 this Hunt, being without a Master, and the East Lothian Hunt being in a similar position, the two packs combined and hunted the country under the Mastership of Mr. Hope of Luffness and the title of the Lothian Hunt, the uniform changing

from the white collar and scarlet of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire to the blue of the East Lothian. During this period it was a most extensive country—roughly, sixty by thirty miles—embracing part of the Duke of Buccleuch's country as well as Linlithgow and Stirlingshire. In 1877 the packs again divided and the white collars and scarlet started on the second part of their career. They have so continued to the present day,



THE GRASS COUNTRY.

The Forth Bridge from Leicestershire Covert. Looking towards Riccarton Hills.



LU! LU! PUPPIES!

though with a somewhat reduced country, partly owing to increased cost of hunting, but more to the continual encroachment of industrial Scotland.

The sketch of a fox away from Leicestershire covert suggests this encroachment in the chimney-stacks and shale slag heaps and the cantilevers of the Forth Bridge in the distance. The artist has scarcely done justice to the grass country, as he has been lured away by the picturesque background of the Riccarton Hills and the Forth. The opposite side of this covert, looking towards the Pentland Hills, is really the better grass

country and accounts for the Hunt calling it the Leicestershire covert.

Another sketch of the present huntsman, Woodger, negotiating "a jumping place" in the wire fence is very typical. At some period the Hunt must have spent a lot of money making "passes" in the wire, of which there is a good deal (not the barbed variety). Now it is possible to travel at top pace over the country without being greatly hindered by this obstacle. The Linlithgow and Stirlingshire have had several famous Hunt servants, Christopher Scott,



A JUMPING PLACE IN A WIRE FENCE.

Mr. Ramsay's huntsman, being the originator of the famous remark, "It's a poor consarn that can't afford to lose a hound or two," on being condoled with on losing some of his hounds in a wild country. Scott retired in 1838 and his place was taken by Thomas Rintoul, of whom Colonel Anstruther Thompson said there were then very few in England and none in Scotland like him.

Coming to more modern times, probably the best known Hunt servant they have produced is the present Atherstone huntsman, Sam Morgan, jun.

I am indebted to "The History of Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt," by the present Master of the pack, Mr. T. H. Rutherford, for several of the following incidents, which cannot be passed by in even so short an article as this. There is, first, the jumping of the Preston march dyke by Mr. W. J. Drybrough (16st.!) on his famous hunter 'The Dream' in 1888. The march dyke is 6ft. of solid masonry and the far side a drop of 14ft. A man who saw him riding at it shouted: "Ye canna jump here!" Nevertheless he did, and although horse and man fell, neither was injured. This is on a par with the feat of Squire Tom Smith, who rode over a 6ft. 2in. park wall with the Craven.

Again, the finish of the famous Champfleure day is somewhat picturesque. After this great hunt several members were dining at Wallhouse, when the butler announced: "He's here, sir!" "Who's here?" "The fox, sir!" And at the front door in a sack was found the hero of the day. On instructions from Colonel Gillon he was released and disappeared into the night to a regular chorus of holloas!

Probably the most remarkable character in the Hunt was that sporting farmer, Mr. J. Young, known as "B'ormie," who with his pony Donald saw as much of hunting as many better mounted sportsmen. It is related of them that on coming to a high bullfinch,



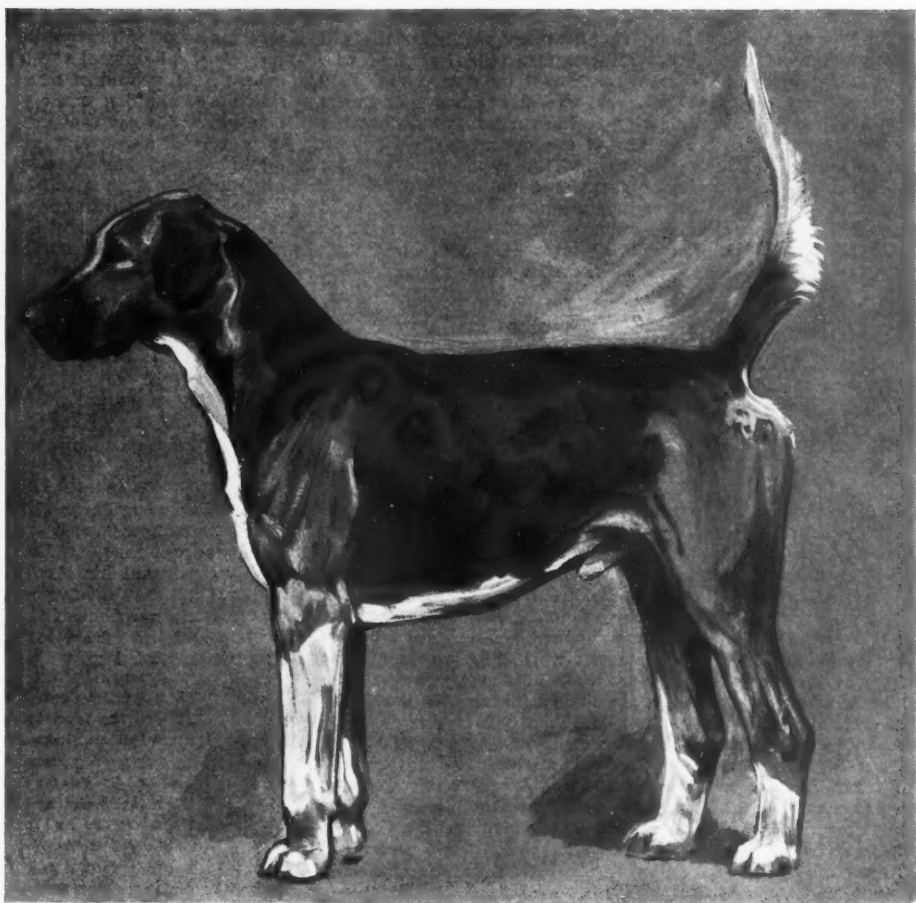
BINNY CRAIG FROM OCHILTREE ROAD.



A WHIP WATCHING A CORNER OF KINNEIL WOOD.

which surrounded the field, "B'ormie" dismounted and crawled through the bottom of the fence and that his sagacious pony followed on its stomach in like manner!

The artist's sketch of Raider (1917), winner of the Champion Cup, Peterborough, 1920, reminds us that the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire have had many notable hounds both in the field and on the flags. Excepting the present hound Raider, perhaps, their most famous animal was Bedford (1830), whose feats in the field were remarkable—not the least so when he was lost for several days, Scott, the huntsman, being told by a farmer: "You have a red and white hound worth his weight in gold; he forced his fox out of Kincaldwin (a very large wood) and was seen by various people running over ten miles of country, killing his fox close to my farm quite unaided." The present pack of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire strike me as not only excellent in nose, but exceptionally good in voice. They have a wonderful cry, and on my commenting on this to an enthusiastic Scot, he remarked, "Aye; they *have* a wunnerful cry; sometimes in the woodlands it near makes me greet!"—which struck me as a curious way of expressing one's pleasure! In conclusion, I beg to tender my thanks to various unknown



RAIDER (1917).
Champion Peterborough, 1920.

sportsmen who helped a stranger to see an excellent day's sport in an unfamiliar country. "ANISEED."

GOLF ON THE FOREST

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

ALITTLE while ago I was writing of the pleasure of coming back to Mildenhall after too long an absence. At last week-end I had the equally pleasant experience of returning after eight years to one of the most teasing and fascinating of inland courses, Ashdown Forest. Our match was a particularly interesting one because our opponents were a composite side drawn from the Royal Ashdown Forest and the Cantelupe clubs, the latter being the artisan club that has produced so many fine players and in particular the great golfing clan of the Mitchells. Abe Mitchell is, of course, the champion of the clan, and he is there no longer; but there are many other Mitchells. They should be sung, I think, in order to do them justice in the style of Lord Macaulay in the Lays of Ancient Rome. Let me see if I can recite a few of them, taking the liberty of doing so by their Christian names: Arthur, a really beautiful player, the professional at St. Leonards; Tom, still at Ashdown and one of our opponents; Frank, with wrists even more tremendous than the famous Abe's; Charlie, who looks after the ladies' links; Harry and Eddie. Nor does this phalanx of cousins end there, but there are also the Seymours, Mr. Will Seymour, now away, who was regarded as a possible winner of the Amateur Championship last year; George, his brother, who played against us; and Miss Sophy Seymour, only just emerging from small girlhood, but already esteemed a formidable player with all the slash and freedom of a caddie boy.

With all this wealth of talent in the family it was disappointing to find but one Mitchell and one Seymour arrayed against "the Society." Some were away, and some, as it appears, do not play so much golf as they once did. They had, however, an excellent representative in Mr. Tom Mitchell. Seldom have I had my "moral" more thoroughly shattered than it was by Mr. Mitchell's pitching. I really do not remember how many times Mr. Landale and I presumptuously thought we might be going to win a hole, only to see the ball, struck with a splendid

boldness and any amount of "stuff" on it, grip the ground and finish, as if tethered by a string, close to the hole. Luckily for us, after he had nearly broken our hearts at the fourteenth, he desisted from these horrible practices for the last four holes, and we just scrambled home, with a great respect for our adversary and a little for ourselves. Mr. Seymour is not yet so good a golfer as either his elder brother or as Mr. Mitchell, but he is young and suffers from the exuberant freedom of youth. If he curbs his swing a little and gets something crisper and tauter in his methods he may yet be very good.

All these Forest players, born and bred, that I remember to have seen give the ball a really whole-hearted knock. I do not know whether it is on that account that one particularly far-back tee, whence we hit or try to hit that glorious carrying tee shot to the eighteenth hole, used to be called the Cantelupe tee, but certainly these Cantelupers do fling themselves nobly and furiously at the ball. On Sunday they are to be seen out at full strength. Some of them may be but very casual and light-hearted players, more than middle-aged and billycock-hatted; but, even so, their clubs come down with a vicious crash on the ball, in pious imitation perhaps of Abe Mitchell. They add greatly to the pleasantness and interest of playing on Ashdown Forest.

So many people know and are fond of the course that, perhaps, I may add something as to the changes that have been made and are to be made. The longer eleventh and seventeenth are not new, of course, but they were very nearly new to me and make a great difference to the course. Two long two-shot holes in place of two nondescript "kick and a spit" holes have a far-reaching effect. The further changes contemplated will make a course which was once a short one into a downright long one. The tenth is to be carried much further on up the hill, so that two very full wooden club shots will be wanted. After that the course will turn back much as it does now. The

eleventh will be a one-shot hole, and then will come a five-hundred-yarder, sidling along the heathery slope, to the old twelfth green. If this is at all comprehensible, anyone who knows Ashdown will see how much will be gained and how little lost, for the present tenth and twelfth are but poor things at best. Finally, as a concession to human frailty, the heather has been cut back at the sides of the course. The fairways used to average some 40yds. wide. That is all very well for people like Mr. John Ball, whom I have heard express a preference for 20yds., but it involves much looking for balls in tangled black heather. Now this heather has been made milder, so that the ball does not lie too well, but can be found. The game is a little less rigorous in consequence, no doubt, but it is, I think, better fun.

The characteristic and perplexing feature of golf on the Forest remains what it always was, namely, the intense difficulty of judging the length of the long iron shots up to the hole. The course is hilly, and in many of the approach shots we can see the top of the flag waving in the distance and very little else. I suppose it is not the best and most classical kind of golf, but it is very difficult and very entertaining, and to those two qualities much may be forgiven. When the shot comes off, when we slash a full shot right home against the wind at "Apollyon," for instance, with the green perched up between the ruts on one side and the heather on the other, the moment is worth living and panting up the hill for. Undoubtedly it is a sad mistake to have wasted eight years without going to Ashdown Forest.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

BY VIOLET JACOB.

IF fifty Englishmen were asked to name the two greatest poets Scotland has produced they would all with one accord cry "Burns and Scott!" And out of that number of Scotsmen, forty-five would probably do much the same. The balance would remember Dunbar, James IV's Court poet, beside whom Scott, fine novelist and grand soul as he was, would, as a poet, be a mere writer of spirited jingle. Much of the ignorance of this very great man's work is due to the archaic language of his time, but the most part of his poetry is accessible to anyone who will take even a very little initial trouble, especially if he will begin his efforts on Baildon's "Poems of William Dunbar" with its first-rate glossary.

Dunbar was a native of Lothian, a man of education who had taken his degree at St. Andrews. Though unsuited, by temperament, to the Church, he had become a Grey Friar when Blackadder, Bishop of Glasgow, introduced him into the Court of James IV of Scotland. Here he was attached as interpreter and secretary to the King's foreign missions, and in these capacities he went with an embassy to England to arrange his master's marriage with Margaret Tudor; later, he accompanied the bridegroom when he went in great splendour to Lamberton Kirk to receive the princess. Dunbar was high in favour with the Royal pair, and though his poems are full of appeals to James for money and for the preferment he never got from him, and to Margaret to further his suit, he lived at the Scottish Court till the disaster of Flodden scattered for ever the brilliant and merry company which the cultivated King had drawn round him. After the battle we hear no more of him, though it is not supposed that he perished in the field. It is believed that he retired from Court, and some of his biographers have suggested that he received from the Queen Dowager the benefice he could never get from the King, and so ended his days in peace.

The three best known of his works are "The Thirssil and the Rois," "The Flying" (of which he was joint author with a brother poet, Walter Kennedy), and the "Lament for the Makars" (poets). The first of these, written for James' marriage, teems with good advice offered in such language as might make even that abhorrent commodity acceptable. The sustained beauty of this piece pours forth like the notes of a thrush; generous, crystal-clear, untrammelled, and yet rolling within the bounds of a perfect metrical restraint. If its allegorical personages are unsuited to modern taste, we forgive their intrusion because of the swell of harmony that ushers them in. The King appears, first, as the heraldic Lion of Scotland, then as the Thistle; Margaret as the red and white roses of united York and Lancaster. The cunning repetition uttered by the birds welds this exquisite poem into a consistent chorus. The gallant purple thistle and the red and white roses seem to be growing in some enchanted green forest whose mazes are alive with the stream of melody. We see it as in a vision.

One of the curiosities of literature is "The Flying," a verbal duel between Dunbar and Kennedy, in which there are no restrictions but metrical ones and no obligation to stick to facts. Such a volume of mud was surely never thrown since the world began. The two men pelted each other in front of an apparently delighted court with every obscene word and accusation that the Tudor period could produce. The verse is admirable, and if, in foulness, there is little to choose between them, Dunbar's wit and literary quality will incline the reader to his side, though we do not know who was adjudged victor. It is not to be supposed that there was the faintest enmity between the combatants; the affair was a mere joust or tourney with no rules of chivalry and with words for weapons. There is precedent for it both in history and fiction, for at Lorenzo de Medici's court, Luigi Pulci and Matteo Franco had waged a like battle, and Gavin Douglas, in his "Palice of Honor," describes a feast by the "Castalian Fountain," where a contest of the kind was an item in the programme. He writes:

And Poggio stude with mony a grine and grone,
On Laurence Valla spittand and cryand fy.

"Fy" would be a mild epitome, indeed, of the things that Dunbar and Kennedy cried on each other. As specimens of the

least offensive epithets that flew between them we may take "Insensate Sow" and "Foul Heggirbald" (coarse feeder). The pace quickens, in Dunbar's case, as they near the end, he dances round his slower and heavier foe with an insolent agility that should have made Kennedy giddy, ending with a matchless description of the latter entering Edinburgh pursued by boys. I have tried to turn the following lines into modern English as best I may:

Thou runnest down the street, with din of boys
And all the town tykes hanging at thy heels,
From lads and loons there rises such a noise
As starts old garrons off with cart and wheels
And cadger jades upsetting hay and creels,
Upon the deafening clatter of thy boots
Fishwives cry Fy! and baskets throw and skellis (tubs);

For all his beauty of diction, few have described violent action better or with a finer sense of burlesque than Dunbar.

One of the most beautiful dirges ever written is the "Lament for the Makars." The present writer would go further and call it one of the most beautiful poems ever written at all. The poet tells us that it was made "quhen he was seik," and though we must suppose that he knew best, it is hard to believe that such a work was only the result of a fit of low spirits. It has a curious feeling of distance about it, as though it began far off and neared, its stately tramp striking the ear like the rhythmic steps of mourners or the tread of a coming fate. The last half of it is little more than a roll of dead men's names, but he has contrived to invest these with some memoric echo, whose mesmerism grows with the monotony of the Latin refrain.

Despair, Prudence and other dismal characters speak; when they have finished we come to the two penultimate stanzas:

Then Death casts up his portals wide
Saying "These open for thee shall bide,
Although that thou wert never so stout,
Under this lintel thou shalt lowt (stoop)
There is none other way beside."

For fear of this all day I droop,
No gold in casket, no wine in coup,
No lady's beauty, no lovers' bliss
But lures me to remember this,
How glad soever I dine or sup. . . .

It is sad that the poem is marred by anticlimax; and it is difficult to understand how such a master could have added the terrible triviality of the two final lines, made all the worse because the preceding stanzas, quoted here, are among the best that even he ever wrote.

He was a man who translated himself into everything that his pen set down. He was the most human of poets and every mood, sardonic or religious, refined or obscene, is reflected in his writings. He tells us a lot about himself, about his ambitions and injuries, his likes and dislikes. Through his pages pass the figures of his fellow courtiers; his *bête noire*, James Doig—or Dog, as he calls him, keeper of the Queen's wardrobe; Mrs. Doig, Sir Thomas Norray (a court fool), Mrs. Musgrave, with whom he is supposed to have been in love, John Damian, and others. Damian was a rogue who got into Royal favour by giving himself out to be a scientific man.

It is not hard to sum up Dunbar's quality as a poet. His work reminds one of the tide coming in, it is so strong and full. He is a perfect workman, dexterous as few have been, direct and clear, a master of rhythm and metre. Like all the most interesting "makars" he is a poet of contrasts; his coarseness—which belongs to his time—is phenomenal; so is the fervour of his love for beauty; his power of description is only matched by the economy of words with which it is produced; and behind all his work is that beating human pulse which must always be heard throbbing through the true poetry.

CORRESPONDENCE

A FIXED EASTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wish to submit that the most convenient method of dealing with the spring and summer public holidays would be to fix them independently of the ecclesiastical festivals of Easter and Whitsuntide, with which (unlike Christmas) there seems to be no special reason for their association. I suggest that the second (or third) Monday in April, and the corresponding Monday in June would be suitable and convenient dates. As business is usually suspended at Easter from the Thursday preceding that festival until the following Tuesday, provision might have to be made by legislation, in order to avoid any curtailment of the holiday, when it did not correspond with the ecclesiastical Easter. It appears to me that any attempt by Parliament to impose upon the Church the date at which Easter is to be kept would be productive of much confusion, since legislation could only apply to England, and not to Wales, Scotland or Ireland, where the Episcopal Churches are independent bodies, to say nothing of the Church of Rome.—BOSTON.

HUNTER BREEDING: THE NEXT STEP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—After a careful study of the admirable page of portraits of hunting sires you gave us last week I came to the conclusion that, apart from other considerations, the two horses which I should choose as most likely to sire the stamp of horse to gallop and stay were Spring Wheat and Time Honoured. Spring Wheat's short back, the way he carries his saddle, the shoulders in front of you, with a certain indescribable look of quality and courage, seem to mark him out as a safe, pleasant and speedy horse over a country. Time Honoured's stock might not be so fast, but the horse has great power and should have a great stride. The choice of these horses is a matter of opinion, but that is how they strike me. Then, taking the page as a whole, we cannot but feel that the thoroughbred is the sire we want and we need look no farther for our hunter stallions. We cannot hope for anything better. Nor do I see any suggestion of weediness in any of them. They all look, and doubtless are, capable of carrying from 12st. to 15st. with hounds had it been asked of them to do so. But as we look at these hunter sires the question forces itself on us, what mares are they likely to meet with? Would it be impossible to raise a type of hunter mare fit to mate with these horses? This cannot and ought not to be left to chance, and if it was possible to establish a breed of hunter mares we should have made a great step forward in our efforts for light horse breeding. The mares I suggest should not be thoroughbred, but should have a cross of some other blood. What should that cross be? First, it should not be carthorse blood—at all events, directly. It should not be hackney pure and simple, but each of these strains might be useful if mixed with Welsh, Highland or Fell pony blood. We all know that pony bred hunters have often been praised, but I want to make the ponies a principle of hunter breeding. We should endeavour to breed mares for our hunter studs with from a quarter to an eighth of pure pony blood. You have, sir, so often written of the virtues of pony blood that I need not labour this point. What I am advocating is mares bred on purpose for mating with thoroughbred hunter sires. These mares should be schooled and trained for, and tested in, the hunting field. Our experience in polo pony breeding has established the value of polo temperament shown on the field by these mares; why not hunter temperament in the hunter mares? There is much more that might be said, but I wish rather to draw attention to the value of pony blood in order that its presence in our light horse may be not a matter of individual opinion, but a necessary principle of hunter breeding.—X.

LIME KILNS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if you have had any experience of lime kilns? I am anxious to open up again an old one which has been in existence here for many years and which has not been used for some considerable time. The trouble is fuel. If coal can only be used, that does away with the whole scheme; but close to where the lime kiln is situated I have hundreds of acres of overgrown hazel, and thought if

sufficient heat could be got by wood fuel the proposition of restarting the kiln would be a practical one.—J. M.

THE POULTRY KEEPING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you my weekly statement. I bought excellent wheat this week at £18 per ton. I am advertising Light Sussex broody hens locally at 15s. each, as I wish to reduce my stock of Light Sussex and replace with Rhode Islands, and the broody hens' season seems to me to be a favourable opportunity to do this.

Week ending March 9th: Capital, £1,500; land, 3 acres. Stock: Cocks, 49; hens, 960; total, 1,009 birds.

1,981lb. of food eaten (grain and meal)	£	s.	d.
Shell and grit	16	15	5
Time paid out for labour	0	8	0
	2	19	3

£20 2 8

or 4.79d. per bird.

Carriage on eggs 2 4 4
Advertising, £6 10s.; rent, 10s.; depreciation plant, £1; birds, £1 9 0
or 7.45d. per bird or 1.98d. per egg laid.
3,805 eggs were laid during the week.
2,509 sold for sitting, £61 17 0 (or 5.91d. ea.)
1,837 sold for eating, 18 17 7 (or 2.46d. ea.)

4,346 £80 14 7
or 19.2d. per bird. Balance, £49 7s. 7d.

Some interesting facts: This week. Last week.
3,805 eggs produced cost
for food and labour .. 1.27d. 1.36d. ea.
Eating eggs sold for .. 2.46d. 2.75d. ea.
Each bird ate .. 31.41ozs. 30.19 ozs.
Grain and meal cost per lb. 2.03d. 2.08d.

F. G. PAYNTER.

EARLY WILD FLOWERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A certain amount of interest attaches to a list of flowers found in bloom on March 1st, for this is the opening day of the collecting season according to the rules of the Wild Flower Society. This small band of enthusiastic botanists, scattered all over England, have for nearly twenty-five years made careful notes, after the manner of Gilbert White, of the earliest dates on which flowers have been found and their localities. Objection may be made to fixing so arbitrary a date as March 1st, because some common plants bloom much earlier; but for the practical purposes of collating information and comparing dates it is obvious that a stated fixture must be made, and in order to equalise the differences of climate between north and south this date forms a good average. This year, after so mild a winter, our hopes for a record list ran high in Surrey, and the results were satisfactory for the limited area explored.

The trees in flower included black poplar, alder, box, holly, yew, the willow and the round-eared willow, and the aspen, which is quite a month earlier than usual. Three species of chickweed and three of the veronicas, two dead-nettles, gorse, celandine, coltsfoot, dog-violet, small stinging-nettle, mistletoe, petty-spurge, lesser periwinkle, hairy-bittercress, chervil, moschatel, lesser swine-cress, cinquefoil and whitlow-grass. Sorrel was another early find. Snowdrops, primroses and blackthorn have also been seen. It is hardly necessary to mention such common plants as the daisy and dandelion.—E. M. HARTING.

LEVANTO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The most fragrant and lovely season of the year is approaching for the Italian Riviera, and it may interest intending travellers to hear of a small, quiet, almost country place, not greatly frequented by English visitors, and where hotel charges, though much higher than before the war, are still by no means ruinous at the present rate of exchange. Levanto (with the accent on the first syllable) is the little place, and it lies about forty miles beyond Genoa and fifteen miles short of Spezia. It is therefore not difficult to reach, even in these days of bad and slow railway service. For good walkers and for those who do not want the gaiety of the "Riviera season" kind, and who are content with exquisite mountain scenery, glorious sunshine and a profusion of flowers, I cannot imagine a more delightful spot than this little town situated in a sheltered bay and occupying the only level bit of ground for miles round. Roughly it may be said that the season there is about three months ahead of the South of England. February brings roses, iris, narcissus, jasmine, mimosa and a thousand other lovely things to the gardens; while on the terraced hillsides under the olives and vines the earth is jewelled with grape hyacinths, periwinkles, sweet violets and primroses, to be followed by anemone, gladiolus and star of Bethlehem. In the shady places ferns and moss rival the Devonshire lanes, and the crystal pools of the streams that run down every valley are fringed with maidenhair. The rock-strewn headlands that bound "the wine-dark sea" are clothed with the fragrant white plumes of the Mediterranean heath, myrtle, juniper and aromatic "scrub" in great variety; while close to the shore among the shale grow Cineraria maritima, eryngium, acanthus, thrift, and other sea-loving plants. During the war the hillsides were stripped of most of their larger pines, and those that are left are nearly all of the Austrian variety (P. austriacus), whose uncomeliness is accentuated by their lower branches having been cut for firewood by the peasants, which makes them look like ill-grown cauliflowers. The little town (now of about 6,000 inhabitants) has considerable remains of thirteenth century fortifications, including a castle, part of which is still habitable, and some fine stretches of grey battlemented walls with a water-gate through which the river slips out to sea.—JULIE C. CHANCE.



A FRANCISCAN MONASTERY AT LEVANTO

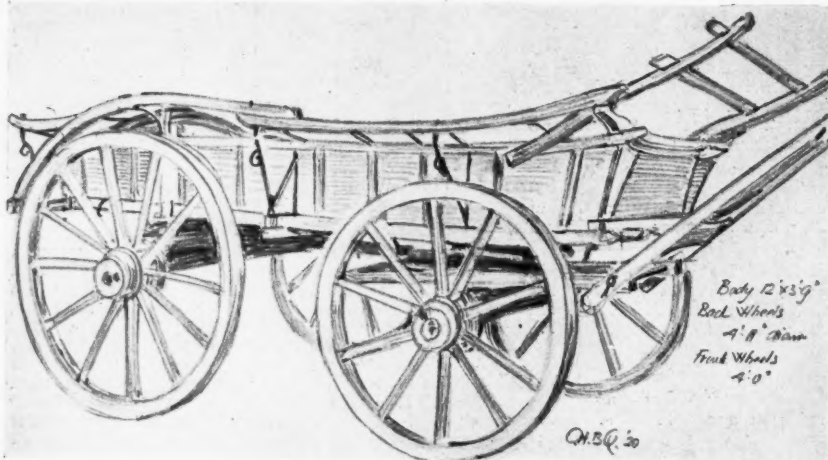
OLD FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was greatly interested in Sir Lawrence Weaver's plea, some time ago, for a Museum of British Agriculture, in which could be preserved a selection of old farming implements. It is very gratifying to me to find that the

imperfectly known. And while the mention of the bottle appears in several instances before the time of Pepys, it is not until 100 years later that the three to five "bottle man" became a term in general use. Again, it is a matter of speculation as to how a host in the eighteenth century, when the glass industry was but very little developed, could possibly

some States statistics show that one out of every ten persons has a car. The roads are specially laid for the motor user, and on fine days there is a continuous procession on all the main roads of cars of all sorts and conditions. Garages are numerous and well equipped in all up-to-date ways of saving time and trouble. Petrol—or gasoline, as it is officially called, but more familiarly known as "gas"—is not supplied in tins, but is stored in big underground tanks near the roadway, and is pumped into the tanks of the cars by a piece of apparatus that delivers about a gallon for every turn of the handle, but a dial accurately registers the amount. Most garages advertise "Free air"; an electric pump is always kept going and pumps air to a number of big flexible tubes situated in various parts of the garage. It



AN OLD HERTFORDSHIRE WAGON.

leaven is working, because I have been ploughing a lonely furrow for the last year or so. Let me remind you that on October 25th, 1919, you published a letter of mine in which I instanced a very fine old wagon, which could have been purchased for £2. It has since been destroyed, and was a really priceless piece of peasant craftsmanship. Professor Lethaby the other day reminded me of a saying of William Morris: "Handsome like a farmer's wagon." My old wagon was broken up for firewood and scrap iron, and it can never be replaced; but I tried hard to save its life. I have approached at different times the Board of Agriculture, the Science Museum, and the Rothamsted people. I have always been most courteously treated, but there have always been difficulties. Only the other day, being in Cambridge on the occasion of the visit of the Historical Association, I made it my business to try to revive the idea of the Agricultural Museum, and had a talk with Mr. Arthur Amos of Downing College. Mr. Amos would very much like to see the idea carried out, but there are the difficulties of space, buildings and money; meanwhile the implements are being destroyed because the price of scrap iron has gone up and it pays the farmers to sell these old things at the Michaelmas sales, and John Bull is no sentimentalist. Sir Lawrence Weaver says in his letter: "There are hundreds of agricultural antiquities in private hands which would readily be given up." I am afraid I cannot agree; there has been wholesale destruction of late, and, unless we hurry up, we shall not leave any record for posterity of how the old farmers carried on their work. What we need are museums which should be like Miss Jekyll's "Old West Surrey" in the very flesh.—C. H. B. QUENNELL.

THE CEMENT OF BABYLON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of Arabs boiling bitumen at Hit in the Euphrates Valley. This is a natural product which resembles pitch and issues in a semi-liquid mass from springs in various parts of Mesopotamia. The Arabs use it in endless ways; for example, they apply it hot to the bottoms of river craft to make them watertight, and also use it for house roofs, asphalt for roadways and linings for brick water tanks. The excavations at Babylon show that bitumen was used as a cement between layers of bricks, and an inscription of King Nebuchadnezzar speaks of his making a palace of brick and bitumen.—J. E. GROOM.

THE HISTORY OF THE GLASS BOTTLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—History, it seems, is quite unable to decide the exact period when the glass wine bottle became a general institution in the cellar of the English country squire. Perhaps one of your readers can tell me. We know that in Elizabethan times the art of making lasting wines and the science of keeping them were

find enough glass bottles to stock a cellar capable of entertaining the large dinner-parties of the period, a time when most of the guests had a now unheard-of capacity for putting away their wine: Pitt, I believe, being reckoned among the five-bottle men. No wonder if it be responsible for the old saw, "Wine is best at another man's cost"!

The story is told of Swinburne, in his youth, at a dinner after which he held the whole company with one of the most masterly dissertations upon the French poets ever heard. His only remark upon leaving was that the steps of the hansom were higher every time he got into one; but on the following morning his hostess received a letter of distressed apology to the effect that a cold had kept him prisoner in bed throughout the whole day, which was the regrettable reason for which he had been unable to turn up at the party on the previous evening! There is no question as to the extraordinary capacity of our predecessors in this matter; my difficulty only is to ascertain whether the large consumption was from the bottle, and if so where sufficient glass could possibly have been obtained.—R. L.

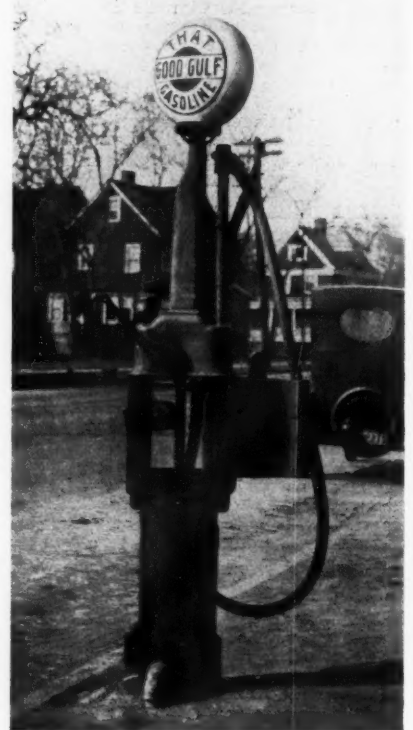
GAS AND AIR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the United States the motor car, or automobile, as they call it, is so common that it would seem that every family has one; in

PETROL FOR THE AMERICAN MOTORIST.

was found that a number of people ran their cars up to the garage for "free air" and nothing more, so that an apparatus has been invented that requires 5 cents (a nickel) to be put in the slot before the air is forthcoming. A long flexible tube is coiled up in the circular part of the apparatus which is released when the money goes into the machine, so that it can be drawn out and attached to the slack tyre.—R. GORBOLD.



ARABS BOILING BITUMEN.

It was used as cement in building Babylon.

THE ESTATE MARKET INCREASING ACTIVITY

AFTER a period of quietude there are again signs of considerable activity in the real estate market, alike as attested by public and private sales and by the number and nature of the announcements of forthcoming auctions. While it cannot be disputed that the market has made a slow start, the present indications are that an effort to make up for lost time will be very general and, with an extremely reasonable attitude on the part of many vendors as to the reserves which should be placed on properties, the buying public seems likely to have many very attractive opportunities during the spring.

Captain R. B. Brassey's Heythrop estate makes a noticeable splash of colour on the small scale key map of Oxfordshire inside the cover of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's illustrated particulars. Heythrop extends to 5,304 acres, and readers of COUNTRY LIFE are familiar with the picture, taken from an aeroplane, of the Italian mansion which is seated in a park of 370 acres. The original house was built about 1705, by Charles Talbot, fifteenth Earl and first and only Duke of Shrewsbury, whom William III used to call affectionately "The King of Hearts." About a hundred years ago the house was destroyed by fire and lay desolate till Mr. Albert Brassey bought the estate in 1870 and re-erected the house in more than its former glory. On the property is the site of the once famous "Rock of Enstone," a grotto with cunningly contrived springs and jets of water, and artificial storms of thunder, lightning and rain, devised by Thomas Bushell (a pupil of Francis Bacon) in 1629.

The Dogs, Wincanton, is to be sold by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in May. The Orange room contains many paintings by some of the French captives of the Peninsular Wars. It was here that the Prince of Orange was received on his march from Tor Bay to London in 1688.

Illustrated particulars of the Buckenham Tofts estate have been published by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who are offering the property for sale by auction at Hanover Square on April 5th. The property, which extends to about 4,070 acres, includes a fine Georgian mansion standing in a well timbered park in the centre of the best sporting district in Norfolk, with excellent partridge and pheasant shooting and capital trout fishing in seven miles of the River Wissey which bounds and intersects the property.

The New Forest estate known as Danehurst, Hordle, which was purchased by Colonel Page some twelve years ago, has just been sold privately by his agents, Messrs. Harding and Harding (Winchester). The property consists of a residence, garage and buildings, with pastures, arable and woodland. The estate is bounded for a considerable distance by the Danestream, and is the site of a battle between the Danes and Saxons.

MAXSTOKE CASTLE TO LET.

MAXSTOKE CASTLE in North Warwickshire is to be let for a couple of years, furnished. Maxstoke was the subject of illustrated articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XIX, page 54; and Vol. XLVII, pages 140 and 170). It retains much of the exterior as built by William de Clinton in 1340. In 1599 Thomas Dilke bought the place, refitted it and adapted it as a residence, with much fine woodwork. There, in Early Plantagenet times, lived the Odingsells, of whom the last died in the reign of Edward I. John de Clinton acquired Maxstoke by marriage, and his second son was the builder of the castle, largely as it still exists. The castle is built on the plan of a parallelogram, encompassed by a deep moat. The residential portion occupies the north-west angle of the courtyard. Part of it is early, but changes have been introduced. There is a grand baronial hall on the first floor, and at the south end of the hall stood the chapel, with its beautiful west window of the Late Decorated period. The quarterings of the Dilkes adorn the mantelpiece of the great hall and bear quaint inscriptions—"Pennatus sidera morte," "Where no woode is ye fire goeth out," and "No tale bearers, strife ceaseth." The oak drawing-room is rich in panelling, with a grand carved doorway. The walls of the "Lady's Tower" are 5ft. thick. Maxstoke is an example of mediæval building and modes of life, with much decorative and other work of a later and more peaceful period.

NORTHERN AND MIDLAND SALES.

Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt Drake's sales of the Drake Cheshire estates in the vicinity of Malpas have been making good progress in the last few days. In the recent auction, by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, there were fifty-six lots in the first instance, but sales to the tenants reduced the acreage which eventually came under the hammer from 1,640 acres to much smaller dimensions, and, though certain lots failed to reach the reserves, a turnover of approximately £18,400 was effected. This is in addition to about £120,000 obtained in private treaty, and there are now only something like 650 acres or 700 acres of the estate, which has been in the possession of the vendor's family for generations, left on his hands out of an estate of, roundly, 4,000 acres.

The extensive Lancashire property, Standish Hall, which has been dealt with this week at Wigan, is chiefly interesting for its association with that Miles Standish celebrated by Longfellow for his part in the emigration of the Pilgrim Fathers. Standish Hall, a late sixteenth century house, has some well preserved Flemish and English oak panelling and carving, and the house has wings of later date. An alleged conspiracy against William III gave trouble to another of the Standish family in the closing years of the seventeenth century.

A North Country property has been sold very speedily after an announcement in COUNTRY LIFE that it was for sale. The estate in question, at Lindley, Huddersfield, known as Briarcourt, a modern freehold mansion and six acres, has been sold for £7,425 by Messrs. Hewitt and Hellowell.

Some 1,600 acres of the Stapleford estate, near Melton Mowbray, belonging to Colonel John Gretton, M.P., have been sold, mainly to the tenants, by Messrs. Dowsett, Knight and Taylor, and the remaining sections, in all nearly 1,100 acres, are to be submitted locally at an early date. The realisations so far exceed £53,000.

An old-fashioned residence at Merstham, known as The Old Forge, has changed hands privately this week through Messrs. Harrods, in anticipation of the auction which was to have been held next Tuesday at Brompton Road.

DEMAND FOR FARMS.

For clients, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have recently purchased Pett Farm, near Sittingbourne, 200 acres with valuable cherry orchards; also Hartley Court, near Reading, a residential property with park and grounds of 50 acres. They were concerned, in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in the disposal of Longcross House, near Chertsey, with pleasure grounds and park. The firm, acting under instructions from Mr. E. L. Lakin, offered by auction the Fields estate, Southam, Warwickshire, about 222 acres. The residence with buildings and 138 acres of land was sold for £6,000. Mr. Lakin has instructed Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock to sell, at an early date, the pedigree herd of Lincoln red shorthorns and registered herd of Wessex saddleback pigs.

Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, acting on behalf of Mr. A. H. Bond, who recently purchased the estate as a whole, through the agency of the firm, from Sir Joseph Doughty-Tichborne, submitted for sale by auction in lots the West Tisted estate of about 2,200 acres, near Alresford. The biddings were poor, in the result only two lots being sold under the hammer for £1,170 and £900 respectively. Prior to the commencement of the sale the auctioneer announced that eight lots had been sold privately.

The Evelith and a portion of the Hatton estates of Captain R.O. R. Kenyon-Slaney have been dealt with by Messrs. Barber and Son, at Shifnal, sales amounting to £12,000, inclusive of Upton Farm, 316 acres, sold to the tenant for £7,745, the annual rent being £421.

MARLOW PLACE.

Marlow Place (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XXXIII, page 54) has been purchased by Mr. William Niven, F.S.A., from the trustees of the Owen Williams estates. Mr. Niven has been the tenant of Marlow Place for some twenty or twenty-one years. The house was erected in the years 1720-1727, by George II, when he was Prince of Wales, and

it bears the date 1727 on its roof. Marlow Place has a splendid suite of rooms on the first floor, and is in a remarkably unaltered state.

The process of converting the landed properties of great and ancient corporations into cash is going on apace, and another large slice of the land belonging to Eton College is shortly to come under the hammer. Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey have arranged auctions of land in Suffolk, nearly 100 acres in the vicinity of Needham Market; 120 acres, close to Goldcliff, four miles from Newport, Mon., and nicely situated on the estuary of the Severn; about the same acreage in the neighbourhood of Weedon, Northants., and a considerable area in Somersetshire. The Society of Merchant Venturers of Bristol are joining with Eton College in the sale of 460 acres near Bridgewater, which will be submitted locally, with Messrs. W. H. Palmer and Sons acting jointly with Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey as agents.

That picturesque old house near the church at Llangollen, known far and wide as the home of the celebrated "Ladies of Llangollen," is again in the market, for the fifth time in a few years. On this occasion the vendor is Lord Tankerville, who bought it, in the latter part of the year 1919, from Mr. J. H. Duveen, who had held it for four or five months. Borrow, in "Wild Wales," devotes only a line or two to it, and that not of a flattering character, calling it "a small gloomy mansion." The "Ladies of Llangollen" were Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, who after a long seclusion in the old "black and white" and black oak house, passed away in 1829 and 1831.

AIR FORCE MEMORIAL GIFT.

A few weeks ago the intention of an owner to apply the purchase money of an estate to the provision of a memorial to some of our forces who fell at Gallipoli was notified, and now another decision of the same sort seems to have been taken in the case of an Ascot property. In the early days of the war, Mrs. Salting, one of the local residents, placed two houses at the absolute disposal of the Government free of all cost, and these were occupied by officers and men of the R.A.F., and later partly by the W.R.A.F. At the termination of the war this lady handed over the crown leases to the Air Council so that the houses might be sold for the benefit of the A.F. Memorial Fund in recognition of the great work of the R.A.F. during the war. The amount realised is to be ear-marked more particularly to found scholarships or bursaries for the education of the children of officers who died while serving with the R.A.F. during the war. The houses called "Woodcote" and "Heath End" are delightful properties, each standing in grounds of 4 acres or 5 acres, directly overlooking the racecourse and common, and it is now announced that they are to be sold by auction at the St. James's Estate Rooms on April 19th.

Oak carving, panelled walls, Tudor and Adam fireplaces, a fine Elizabethan staircase and an equally imposing one of Jacobean date with twisted banisters, are among the many notable points of that fine old residence in Rochester known as Restoration House. The house was erected in the year 1587 and received its present name after Charles II stayed in it a warmly welcomed guest on his way from Dover to London in 1660. Restoration House (described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. V, page 645) is among the first of the properties to be dealt with by Messrs. Hampton and Sons in their new mart, the St. James's Estate Rooms, St. James's Square, and it will come under the hammer on April 26, on behalf of the trustees of the late Mr. S. T. Aveling. Few who know the house will dissent from the opinion expressed by "A. K. H. B." that "Antique peace rests on that ivy-grown front, on those quaint windows and chimneys." Restoration House had a troublous time antecedent to the event which gave it its name, for it was requisitioned by the Cromwellians, to the great grief of Francis Clerke, the staunch Royalist who was its owner. When Charles II came into his own he rewarded Clerke for his trials by conferring upon him a knighthood and also by giving him some Mortlake tapestry. Dickens made use of Restoration House in "Great Expectations," for it is the "Satis House" of his Miss Havisham. ARBITER

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE

NOTES ON THE RACE AND A SELECTION.

TO-DAY is Grand National day, and fervently do I hope there may be no repetition of last year's weather experiences. They were, indeed, most vile and diabolical. The wind was cold and raw, but throughout the day, and in the afternoon in particular, dreadful rain was lashed into the stands. It churned up the paddock and, of course, all approaches to the racecourse. People were standing in pools of slime and were wetted through the stoutest garments. Those in the Grand Stands were so packed in that they had to stand and suffer. It was on that day Major Logan-Kidston, who bred Pharmacie and would have so thoroughly enjoyed her successes last year, caught a fatal chill. So also did Mr. Dennis, another owner well known in the potato world, and I suppose many others of whom I have no personal knowledge. Everyone must hope that there will be no more such experiences. One in a lifetime is more than enough.

We want the sort of weather to-day that was experienced when Ambush II won for the late King Edward—sunshine, a mild temperature, and a clear atmosphere. For King George and Queen Mary are due there to-day, as the guests of Lord Derby, as also is Marshal Foch. It should be a great occasion and one often to be recalled in the years to come. The fancied horses are Eamon Beag (favourite as I write), Daydawn (the mount of Jack Anthony, who already has ridden three Grand National winners), Old Tay Bridge (the mount of E. Piggott, with two winners of the race to his credit), Turkey Buzzard (to be ridden by the successful amateur, Captain Bennet), The Bore (third a year ago), and Ballyboggan, Garryvoe, Shaun Spadah, Rather Dark and Forewarned. If I have missed the winner out of that lot I shall be surprised, though Rubio, when he won a few years ago, was a 66 to 1 chance and might, indeed, have been backed at 100 to 1.

Now let us examine the claims of these fancied horses. First there is Eamon Beag, a horse I confess I have yet to set eyes on. I was not at Haydock Park when he won, and again I missed Manchester last month when he was beaten there by Trentino. I am told that he is not a remarkably impressive-looking horse, and I have heard more than one critic object to him quite severely. On the other hand his trainer, Tom Coulthwaite, wrote to me before the horse was defeated at Manchester that he regarded him as certain to win the Grand National. It was a strong way of putting it, but it denoted confidence on the part of a particularly able trainer who has won two Grand Nationals in the past with Eremon and Jenkins-town respectively. In examining his Manchester defeat we have to remember that he was carrying 12st. 4lb., which is a far different proposition to the 10st. 4lb. he is set to carry at Aintree to-day. He was trying to give weight, too, to a smartish horse in Trentino.

The breeding of jumpers is often so weird that it will be interesting to give the following particulars of Eamon Beag's pedigree, taken from Mr. Edward Moorhouse's article in the *Sporting Life*:

He is by Menander out of Lady Olton. Turning to the Stud Book, I could find no mention of any mare named Lady Olton having any registered produce. I did, however, discover that Olton, by Sterling, bred in 1902 a filly who was eventually named Lady Olton.

The mare Olton was a product of the Graham Brothers' stud at Yardley, Birmingham. She was the outcome of a daring experiment in mating. I have already mentioned that she was by Sterling. The dam of Sterling was Whisper; Olton's dam, Granite, was by The Duke out of Whisper. Olton was, therefore, most incestuously inbred to Whisper. When the Yardley Stud was broken up in September, 1898, Olton, one of the seventy-four brood mares offered, was bought by Mr. W. Pallin for 60 guineas and taken to Ireland. That was an extraordinary dispersal sale. The Grahams believed in quantity rather than quality, though they got quality now and then by accident, as it were, for they were the breeders of Isonomy and Paradox. More than half of their seventy-four mares sold for under 100 guineas each. The highest figure reached was 610 guineas, the price Mr. Musker paid for La Petite Duchesse, and also for Paradoxical.

Eamon Beag's dam was, then, bred by the late Mr. Pallin. Her sire, Sir Reginald, was a horse by Hagioscope out of The Empress Maud, sister to Luminary, and dam of Lady Rosebery, the grandam of that high-class French-bred horse Perth. Sir Reginald won over a mile and a half at Hurst Park in 1899 when a three year old. The following year he was twice sold, the first time for 155 guineas, and the second time, when Mr. Pallin was the buyer, for 25 guineas. As for Menander, Eamon Beag's sire, he is well enough bred, for he is by Ladas out of Kermesse, by Cremorne. He won the Jockey Club Plate for Sir Waldie Griffith, and later went to Ireland, where, in County Kerry, he appears to have been chiefly employed as a hunter sire.

Old Tay Bridge is a big, powerful chestnut that has run and won most consistently during the past National Hunt season. He is fit, he will be well ridden, and I do not doubt that should he win, his owner, Mr. W. H. Dixon, will land a big stake, for he has backed him freely. The horse was bred by Mr. Albert Lowry, breeder and owner also of Ugly Duckling. No wonder this double event has appealed so much to Irishmen, and, of course, many in this country! Piggott had his choice of rides, Old Tay Bridge and Ballyboggan, and as he would like to finish his career by riding another "National" winner you can understand which way his fancy lies. Another famous jockey round

"Liverpool" is Jack Anthony, who is very pleased indeed with his mount, Daydawn. This horse has fine speed besides having improved enormously in his jumping. He is much safer now, but I have a lingering doubt as to whether he will stay.

The same doubt possibly arises in the case of Turkey Buzzard, a very handsome horse by White Eagle from a mare by Tarporley. This horse is bred to win on the flat, and I am sure he is very good indeed. Because his trainer-jockey, W. Payne, fractured a collarbone the mount will be taken by Captain Bennet, who told me that the horse had pleased him immensely. He thinks he has a great chance and would rather ride him than any other in the race. Garryvoe has won his last two important steeplechases in very fine style. The good impression he made on me at Gatwick when he beat Old Tay Bridge, Daydawn and others was more than confirmed when he came to win again at the recent National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham. They say that Forewarned in the same stable is better at the weights, but I prefer to stand by public form. The two are in different ownerships and each, of course, will run on its merits.

The Bore was third last year, but a very tired horse when he limped in behind Troytown and Turk II. He has been well trained, and no one could possibly ride him better than his owner, Mr. Harry Brown. He is not likely to fall unless the victim of bad luck, but there are several others I prefer to him on this occasion. One of them is Shaun Spadah, a horse that got the course two years ago and is likely to do so again, especially as he is much improved in appearance since passing into Poole's stable. He gave a very smooth display when last seen out at Kempton Park, and as he is such a remarkably safe jumper I would not be at all surprised to see him pull through.

Rather Dark is another that attracts me a lot. It will be recalled that I wrote highly of him after he had run behind Garryvoe at Gatwick, and it is something to be assured of that his trainer, Mr. Percy Whitaker, fancies him a lot. I suppose Blazers is not out of it—his connections, at all events, do not think so—but in trying to find the winner I must accept the opinion of such an expert as Coulthwaite and therefore name Eamon Beag, anticipating that he may experience most danger from Turkey Buzzard among the top weights and Rather Dark among those in the middle of the handicap.

Just a few lines in conclusion about last week's most interesting and successful Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park. A tremendous crowd gathered, and I doubt whether there has ever been one as big. The King, with the Prince of Wales (immensely interested in the horses and the riding), the Duke of York and Prince Henry were there, and, indeed, one met everyone who is prominent in Army sport as well as many who never go racing in the winter months. They all turned out to see the soldier-jockeys perform, and right well did they acquit themselves. Nothing could have been brighter and better than the race for the Gold Cup, which the Irish mare, ridden by her owner, Mr. Filmer-Sankey, of the 1st Life Guards, just won from Colonel Geoffrey Brooke's Secretive, the mount of Captain Doyle. The big weight of 13st. stopped Sir Hedworth Meux's White Surrey repeating his victory of a year ago, but he made a gallant effort nevertheless. I am sure the best horse won at the weights, and one has nothing but praise for the riding and for a three-mile steeplechase taken part in by twelve horses, in which there was never a single fall!

PHILIPPOS.

THE SALE OF THE RENDCOMB PARK STUD

WHEN Captain Noel Wills bought the pick of the late Sir John Barker's stud it seemed as if we were to see another first-rate polo pony stud established, but the ponies are once more in the market. Captain Wills has had plenty of successes in the show-ring and there can be no doubt that there will be a good deal of competition for his ponies. He is disposing of several four year old ponies suitable for the game. Some of the mares will be especially valuable on account of their having the Right For'ard blood. At the present time Right For'ard holds an unrivalled record for prizes won by his stock and a still more satisfactory reputation won for him by his sons and daughters, which have appeared on the polo ground and brought large prices in the polo market. Unfortunately Right For'ard is dead, but no doubt his fillies and mares will, when their time comes, make first-rate brood mares. Right For'ard was thoroughbred, it is true, but he was also a pony, and was bred by Sir John Barker expressly to show that it was possible to breed a pony which should be thoroughbred and of polo pony type. Right For'ard was bred in the days when a stallion had to measure 14h. 2ins., and so far all our best polo pony stallions have been of that height. There is every probability that 14h. 2ins. is the right height, with a liberal system of measurement, for our polo pony stock. But for those who desire a larger stallion Cherry Tint is included in the sale. He is a beautifully bred pony with both substance and quality, and should be valuable for those studs where the mares have a great deal of native pony blood. The polo pony has a great future, and, although for the time being the war has led to scarcity of ponies of this type, yet their services in the war have added to their reputation.

Beneath the picture of Chevy Chase given in our issue of March 5th was printed in error the description "First prize light-weight hunter." Chevy Chase was winner in the four year old hunter class and is up to fifteen stone.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

BLUBBERHOUSES MOOR.

THIS curiously named moor has made more history than most people are aware of, the reason being that Lord Walsingham and Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, the joint authors of the Badminton Library volumes on Shooting, must have drawn many of their inspirations from it and have used it as the text of many of their remarks. The recent references to the offering for sale of this moor have recalled the fact that it was the scene of Lord Walsingham's exploit when 1,070 grouse were obtained by him individually, not by walking up, but by driving. The story is adequately told in the "Moor and Marsh" section of their contribution. It appears that in 1872 Lord Walsingham obtained on this moor 872 grouse in the day to his own guns, making use of two batteries or butts, used alternately during twelve hours, there being twenty drivers divided into two parties and a total of sixteen drives. On page 38 the author explains that after patiently enduring for sixteen years the doubts cast upon the authenticity of this performance he decided to repeat it. On August 30th, 1888, the same ground was shot over, and the same programme followed, with the result already named. When we read in this book of the differences between English and Scotch moors, Blubberhouses may well be regarded as the English type most conspicuous in the author's mind. The relatively small amount of space covered by the most celebrated of English moors, the response of their stock to modern methods of encouragement, the consequently heavy bags, these and other observations emphasise the important distinctions between the two sections of grouseland. One forms the sporting ground of a party full of energy but with limited time at its disposal; the other provides entertainment for an entire holiday. This estate was formerly the property of Sir Robert Frankland, who added the name "Russell" when he succeeded to the Chequers Court estate, lately become the official residence of the Prime Minister. His widow settled the property on her son-in-law, Lord Walsingham, and his son; and, failing issue, upon her other son-in-law, Sir Ralph Frankland Payne-Gallwey, who resided on the neighbouring estate, Thirkley Park. Sir Ralph's successor is thus the present owner. The moor is situated some eight miles from Harrogate, being somewhat more distant from Leeds and Bradford. It is, therefore, extremely likely to find its new owner among the keen shooting men of the adjoining manufacturing districts. As a moor it is peculiarly favoured by the sheltering effect of neighbouring territories, notably the Duke of Devonshire's moors on the west and north and the Denton moors on

for testing tubes and metals (including a method of testing tubes at 650° centigrade), the electrical testing laboratory, the power house—where the University makes all the power for its own needs—the foundries and shops; in fact, all the plant that is used in the training of engineers and the testing and shaping of material. Like every educational institution, Birmingham University is in need of increased funds. The funds are especially required to continue and improve the practical side of engineering training and to find room for the numbers of students who seek to profit by the course.

MINIATURE-RANGE TELESCOPES.

In order that miniature-range practice at Public Schools and similar places shall best serve the intended object it is desirable that each shooter should have immediately beside him a mounted telescope directed on to his own particular target. As the reports of my visits to schools will show in due course, only one school has been found to be so provided. When shooting with chance weapons, as supplied on the range, the score in the later series is peculiarly dependent on the correct spotting of hits in the preliminary grouping practice.

The accompanying photograph of a home-made stand shows an excellent method of holding. No particular point resides in the upright stem, which happens to have been made from a spare piece of 12-bore barrel mounted on a weighty base. The necessary socket could be incorporated in any upright permanently fixed to the platform, but the rotation and tilting gear are particular features worthy of reproduction in settled manufactured form. Better by far for miniature-range work than the multiple section telescopes, and also much cheaper, is the nautical one-draw design as illustrated. Ample powerful for spotting shots at 25yds. range, yet dispensing with any undue bulk through economy in field of view, this extremely durable form of glass is, all things considered, without equal.



A HOME-MADE TELESCOPE STAND.

A WESTLEY RICHARDS GUN.

During my visit to the Industries Fair at Birmingham I was shown a new model of gun submitted by Messrs. Westley Richards. It has the external appearance of the side-lock, though the plates merely serve to camouflage the Anson and Deeley system enclosed within. There can be no doubt that it was a beautiful model, but something within me repelled the mechanical heresy of adding to a structure a single feature having no appropriate office to perform. Westley Richards and Co., as originators of what is commonly called the box-lock gun, remain faithful to it, and have added detachable locks

to overcome its main deficiency. This splendid re-design of the parent type, which had descended with only the necessary changes from the hammer system, has by fate been appropriated for the cheaper productions, the side-lock maintaining undisputed precedence for the highest class of production. Anson and Deeley actions should surely stand or fall by the inherent aspects of their design; for clearly they are being debased by additions which are calculated to give a false impression. In the early days of motors, Mother Shipton's coaches without horses certainly had an odd appearance, but no one attempted to add a property horse in order to satisfy the eye. What I think some gunmakers are liable to forget is that the museum species, as illustrated, for instance, in Walsh's book, have by evolution and the survival of the fittest been whittled down to two patterns—three, if the under-and-over is included—first, the side-lock, which holds the field where price is of secondary importance; second, the Anson and Deeley, which is the mechanically simplest method of realising the essential result. Those who cling to models traditionally connected with their firm are indulging sentiment at the sacrifice of strict business advantage.



A BLUBBERHOUSES LANDSCAPE.

the south. The Swinestey reservoirs of the Leeds Corporation abut on the moor, the sporting rights of their 700 acre estate being reserved in perpetuity to Blubberhouses.

BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY AND ENGINEERING.

The University of Birmingham is trying to bring home to the practical men of the Midlands the services it can and does render to industry. To this end it has organised a series of visits of inspection by the principal trading and industrial interests in the Midlands. On Wednesday, March 9th, invitations had been sent to members of the gun trade, and a party was conducted by Professor Burstall, Dean of the Faculty of Science, through the various engineering departments.

Perhaps the most interesting fact gained from the visit was the extraordinary variety of the University's plant. At one end of the scale is a huge 300 ton testing machine, on which work is done for Government departments and for manufacturers in all parts of the country. At the other, Professor Burstall showed, with mingled admiration and delight, a Swiss measuring instrument, capable of testing to one-twenty-fifth of a thousandth of an inch. For the rest the visitors were shown all the appliances

MASTERPIECES OF COLOUR-PRINTING FROM OLD JAPAN

OLD ENGLISH POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

THE art of engraving on wood was practised in Japan before the fourteenth century and became prominent as a fine art about the middle of the seventeenth. Prints were first executed in black and white, then colour was applied by hand to the paper. Later a practical genius hit upon the idea of laying colour on a block and printing from it. Finally several blocks of different colours were used, and the art became fully developed in the second half of the eighteenth century. A splendid lecture on this subject was given by Mr. Laurence Binyon in the Lecture Hall in the Assyrian Gallery of the British Museum, on the 15th inst., in aid of the Save the Children Fund. Many masterpieces of Japanese colour-printing will appear at the sale by Messrs.

the early Chinese drawings is a series of portraits of twelve notables, in colours on silk, which was painted in the period of the Sung dynasty (960—1127 A.D.). It was formerly the property of Prince Kung. Of interest, too, are the ancient landscape and figure compositions, one of which shows Kwan Yin, the goddess of mercy, standing on a lotus flower on waves, pouring healing waters from a vase upon the world—would that it were so at the present time! Six beautiful wall hangings of woven silk and gold appear at the same sale. The largest represents men, "types of a happy old age," seated in the hall with spreading trees, awaiting the approach of their descendants laden with gifts. The border is of a deep Chinese blue with floral decoration. The splendid collection of



"THE BEGGARS' OPERA," BY HOGARTH.

Sotheby on April 7th and 8th, which includes illustrated books, albums, Chinese and Korean drawings and works of art. Many of the prints are the property of an erudite collector—Mr. Arthur Morrison. The names of the most famous among Japanese artists appear in the list. Of Utamaro, we cite "The Five Festivals," parts of one Pentaptych, but each an exquisite picture of family joys complete in itself. "The Feast of Dolls or the Girls' Birthday Festival" shows a girl and a boy having tea, the boy holding a cup, while the mother kneels beside them, with a fine branch of cherry blossom in the background. By him, too, is the triptych representing a princess offering a poem to hang on a beautiful cherry tree. Hiroshige, master of atmospheric effects, is represented by numerous examples, including a complete set in first edition of "Views of the Sixty-odd Provinces"; "Views of Yedo"; also by one very rare print of great beauty, "Evening Cooling, Ryogoku," with a red stream of fireworks falling on the bridge, and people in boats in the foreground. "The views of Fuji" and many other prints show the brilliant and original qualities of the art of Hokusai. Among

primitive pictures and Early English portraits, described in our issue of March 12th, were sold by Messrs. Christie on the 18th. We reproduce the wonderful "Beggars' Opera" by Hogarth, one of the most important pictures in the sale.

Old English pottery and porcelain with some Continental specimens, furniture and Persian rugs were disposed of by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on March 11th. Part of the E. H. Coopman Collection from Frinton-on-Sea included some beautiful specimens of the very popular salt-glaze, of which there were many teapots and covers. A pair of figures of cats, facing to the right and left, in agate ware was of great interest. While both cats are valuable, the one on the left is almost as scarce as a tortoiseshell Tom. Other important items were an egg-stand formed as four leaves, supported by mask heads and surmounted by a bust of the Duke of Cumberland on a square-shaped base, and a very fine Porto Bello jug, modelled with arms, emblems and ships, partly in formation of battle, and bearing the inscription in three lines, "The British Glory revived—By Admiral Vernon—He took Porto Bello with six ships only—Nov, ye 22nd, 1739."

There are no evidences of the drop in prices that alarmists predicted. There must always be slight fluctuations, but these on the whole point to a further rise when the sale season is at its height. W. G. THOMSON.

INTERNATIONAL POLO

EXPENSIVE SEATS AND AN EXPLANATION.

THE coming contest at Hurlingham next June for the International Polo Cup will be the first that has been decided at Hurlingham for a dozen years. During that period there have been three contests for the Cup in the United States, the last of which, in 1914, resulted in England's success. Particular interest attaches to this year's test matches, and great preparations are afoot at Hurlingham to provide for the big crowd expected. Provision is being made for a gate of 10,000 spectators, it having been decided to admit the general public to view the Cup matches at Hurlingham for the first time. Special stands are being erected to provide numbered and reserved seating accommodation for some 10,000 spectators. Owing to the greatly increased cost of materials and labour the Organisation Committee state that the cost of these special temporary stands will be from £3 to £4 a seat. This has entailed what may at first sight appear a rather high scale of charges. The contest consists of two matches, or possibly three, should the first two have a different result, and the prices for a seat for the rubber will range from a minimum of £5 up to £25, with proportionately lower charges to witness a single match. In some quarters there has been an outcry against these charges as exorbitant, and the expenditure on the stands has been condemned as excessive and unnecessary. In reply to these criticisms the Organisation Committee state that they have been at great pains to avoid anything in the shape of reckless expenditure, and have fixed their charges for seats at prices considered by expert advisers to be reasonable in view of the cost of the enterprise, and upon a conservative estimate of the probable extent of support for the matches. They point out that their object is to see that the best interests of the players, of the members of the club, and of the general public are served in the arrangements, and that they are as much concerned as any of their critics to study the economic side of the undertaking.

The dates for the Test matches have been mutually agreed to by the Hurlingham Club and the American Polo Association, who are the joint trustees of the International Cup. The first match will take place at Hurlingham on Saturday, June 18th, and the second on Wednesday, June 22nd; while, if a third is necessary it will be played on Saturday, June 25th. With regard to the purchase of seats, application should be made to Messrs. Alfred Hays of 26, Old Bond Street, W.1, and 80, Cornhill, E.C.3, in whose hands the entire booking arrangements have been placed. A considerable proportion of the seating accommodation will be reserved on special terms for members of the club till March 26th, and after that date the general public will be able to book. Those members of Hurlingham who have become guarantors to the Hurlingham-America Cup Defence Fund are entitled to one or more free seats according to the amount of their guarantee. This Defence Fund was started to provide for the mounting of the England team. It has been decided to admit the public to the Americans' first trial game at Hurlingham on Whit Monday, May 16th, and the charge for admission to the public enclosure on that occasion will be only 3s. and 5s. The England team, which will be captained by Major Vivian Lockett, but the composition of which has not yet been definitely settled, will play their first match at Hurlingham on May 25th. But the International teams will make their actual London debut of the season on May 7th, the Americans having a match on that Saturday afternoon at the Ranelagh Club, and the England side at Roehampton. Before the opening of the polo season in May both teams will have a few weeks' practice in the neighbourhood of London, Major Peters having placed his two polo grounds at Sunbury Manor at their disposal. The team chosen by the American Polo Association comprises Mr. L. E. Stoddard (No. 1), Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, jun. (No. 2), Mr. J. Watson Webb (No. 3) and Mr. Devereux Milburn (back); with Mr. C. C. Rumsey and Mr. Earl W. Hopping as reserves.